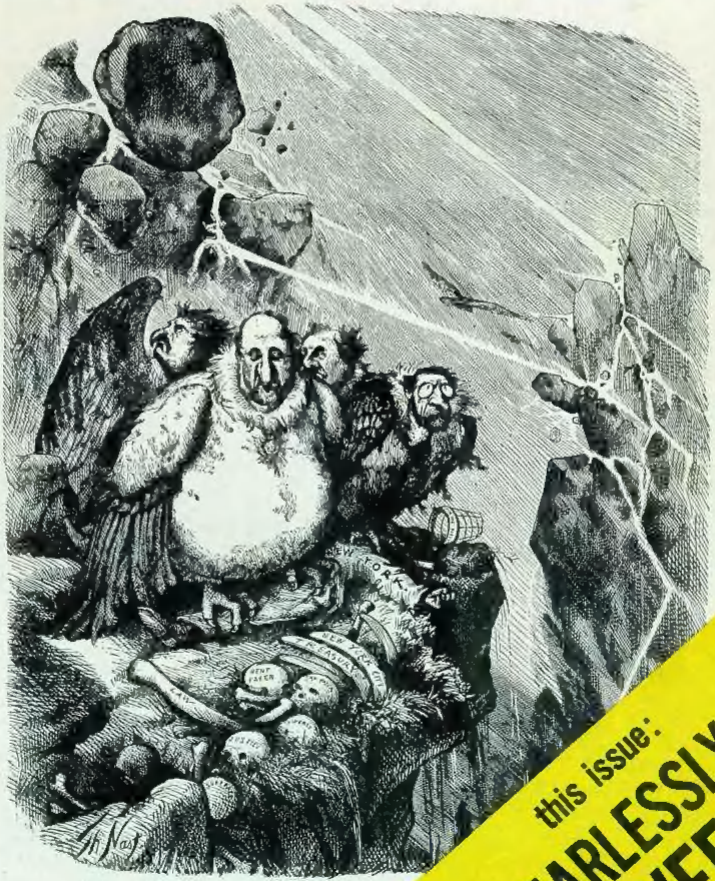
THE NEW MAD

No. 25 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * SEPTEMBER 1955

25¢ OUR PRICE CHEAP



Boss Tweed: 'Let us prey.'

this issue:

MAD FEARLESSLY EXPOSES THE TWEED RING

"What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPUNA?"

(It's the best tasting way to fight hunger)

Chances are you'll be ever so much more surprised than this wide-eyed girl . . . once you try new Ipuna. Especially if you have the fool notion that tooth pastes are all about the same.

Ipuna's new flavor beats every other leading tooth paste hands down—after nation-wide taste tests.

Yes—after nation-wide taste tests it was found that after eating a tube of every other leading tooth paste, the tooth paste tester would usually become sick and sometimes die. However, when our tooth paste was tested by tooth paste testers, Ipuna was the only tooth paste the toothpaste taste thesters asked for seconds on.

Besides, Ipuna has the new wonder ingredient $E = MC^2$

New-Formula IPUNA

WITH BACTERIA DESTROYER $e=mc^2$

Ipuna A/C Tooth Paste (Alternating Current) also contains bacteria-destroying $C_2H_5(NO_2)_2$. (Dynamite)

MAKE YOUR OWN THASTE-TEST

Send for generous sample thube.

IpunaThoospaste, Dept. $e = mc^2$, Cavity, N.J.

Please send me a trial tube of thoospaste for I would like to be a thestpoost thaster and thest thaste your thathpoost . . . thoost . . . phoost . . . ptooey!

Name_____

Street_____

Planet_____

(Offer good only in continental South Polar Ice Cap.)

MAD

No. 25 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * SEPTEMBER 1955

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Harvey Kurtzman **PRODUCTION:** John Putnam

STAFF ARTISTS: Jack Davis Will Elder Wally Wood **RESEARCH:** Richard Smith

BUSINESS MGR.: Lyle Stuart **CIRCULATION:** Bob Salomon **SUBS.:** Nancy Siegel

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CONTRIBUTORS

STAN FREBERG

"DOODLES" WEAVER

STEVE ALLEN

ALLAN JAFFEE

Contributors to this issue are STAN FREBERG, (p. 18) the ingenious young fellow who attracted so much attention a while back with his *St. George and the Dragonet* record, and who with his friend Daws Butler now has a very funny record on the market called *The Honey Earthers,* a parody on the Jackie Gleason *Honeymooners.* On page 44 you'll find a clever piece that DOODLES WEAVER sent along to us. Many of you will recall Mr. Weaver from the Spike Jones T.V. show and currently the Horace Heidt Show Wagon. On page 11, to the surprise of many STEVE ALLEN fans, you will find a musical libretto by STEVE ALLEN, to the surprise of STEVE ALLEN too. Finally, we again have articles by ERNIE KOVACS (who has a new East coast morning radio show), ROGER "DROODLES" PRICE (not to be confused with DOODLES Weaver) and BERNARD SHIR CLIFF (who is unheard of). Assisting us this issue by writing a picture story is ALLAN JAFFEE who gets credit for the baseball story on page 13.—H.K.

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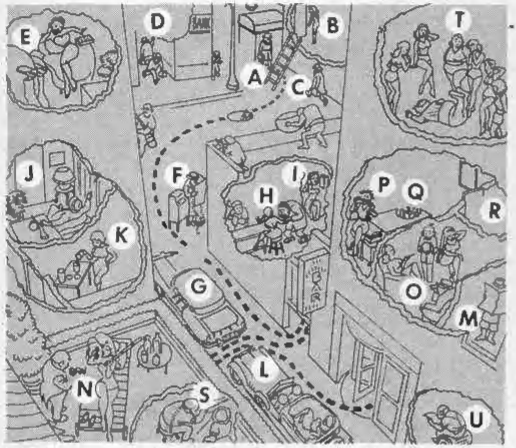
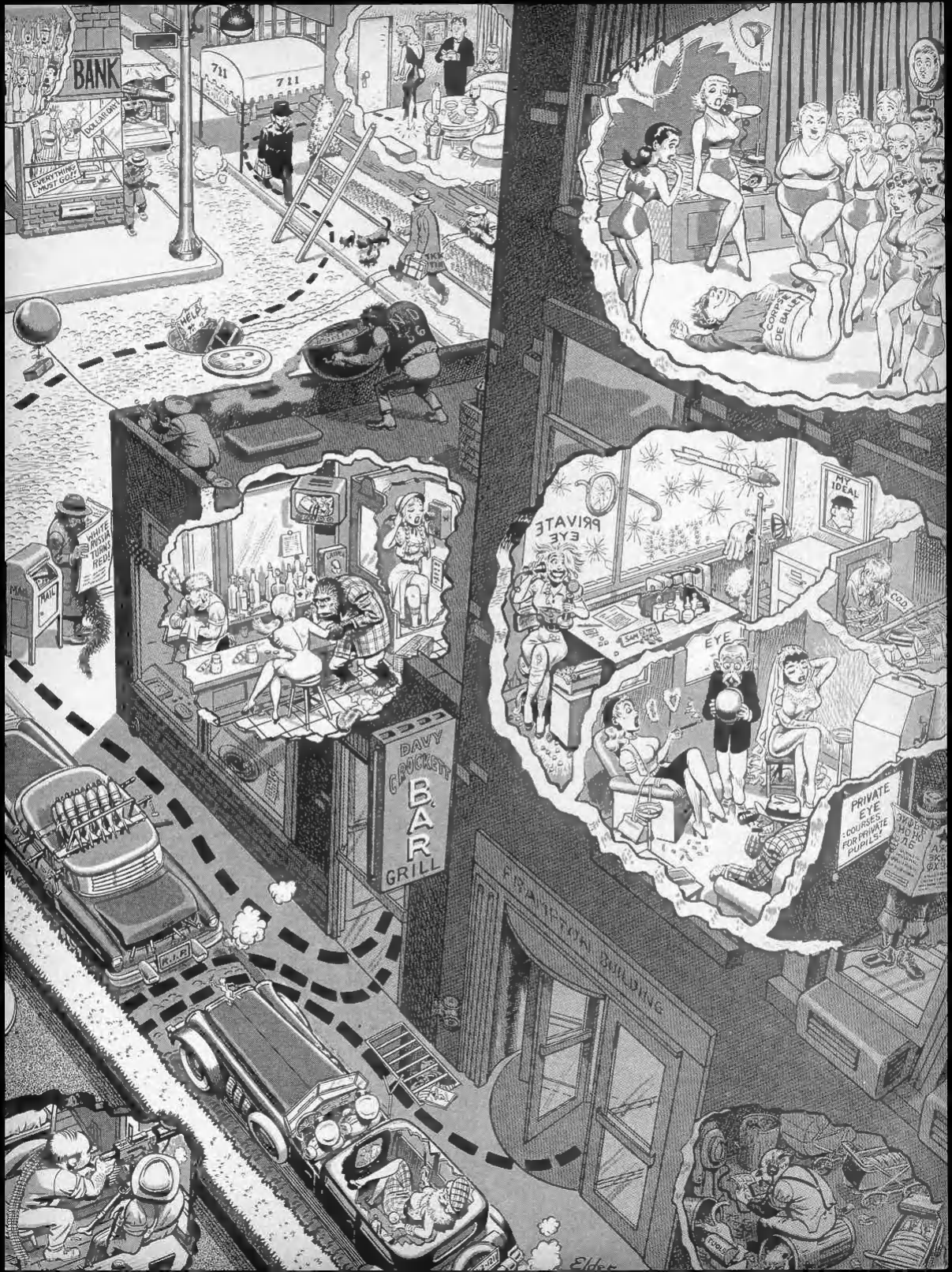
RADIODETECTIVELAND

BEFORE RADIOS BECOME EXTINCT LET'S TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE "PRIVATE EYE".

We were thinking the other day about radio detectives and how they live such weird lives. Like forinstance radio detectives have wild adventures every week. Now who has wild adventures every week in real life? In real life you have wild adventures maybe once a year if you're lucky. So the way we figure it is radio detectives, to have so many adventures, must live in crazy neighborhoods like this...



Private eye we'll call Sam (A) leaves good-lookin girl friend's apartment just as things are getting romantic (B). Next, Sam will maybe collide with stranger (C) and mix briefcases which starts new adventure. Or maybe Sam will get mixed up with bank robbery (D). Meanwhile, good-lookin girl actress calls Sam from apartment (E) because boy-friend's murdered. Down on street corner (F) is Russian agent about to mix Sam up in international intrigue. Black limousine (G) waits to bump off Sam because he's only one who can upset some big gangster plans. In bar where he takes daily nip, Sam will probably stop thug from annoying good-lookin girl (H) thus plunging into new adventure. Meanwhile another good-lookin girl model calls Sam from phone-booth in bar (I) because grandmother's been murdered. Sam will go to own apartment after nip to fresh up (J) where gangster waits facing door in darkened room. Unbeknownst to him, mysterious good-lookin blonde prepares drinks while waiting for Sam in kitchen (K) next to room where gangster waits unbeknownst to her. Back in street rich good-lookin girl waits for Sam in Rolls Royce (L) to hire him as private body-guard. (M) Russian agent waits outside Sam's office to involve him in international intrigue. Meanwhile good-lookin girl (N) calls Sam from penthouse because husband's murdered. Sam's waiting room is crowded with clients (O); the crook who will try to get Sam in a frame-up, the girl (good-lookin) who is trying to divert suspicion for a murder rap from herself by employing private eyes, the man who knows he's gonna get killed and gets killed when he tells Sam, and the good-lookin girl who commits murder just so's she has an excuse to see Sam. Inside Sam's office, good-lookin secretary (P) answers all the fur-shlugginer phone calls from good-lookin girls while sitting on Sam's desk (Q) which, contrary to popular belief contains bottles of medicine since Sam is actually very sick man because of constant fights and hits on head. Clothes closet (R) contains body which will fall out when Sam opens. Also waiting for Sam to come to office are men (S) with telescopic rifle in hotel room across street, while whole bunch of good-lookin chorus girls call Sam from studio (T) because Alfred E. Neuman's murdered. Down in cellar, eating peanut butter sandwich lunch and reading comic book while tapping telephone wire for fourth month in a row (U) is real private eye.


BANK
711
711
EVERYTHING MUST GO!!!
HELP!
WHITE RUSSIA TURNS RED!
MAIL
DAVY CROCKETT BAR GRILL
CORPS DE BALLET
MY IDEAL
PRIVATE EYE
EYE
PRIVATE EYE COURSES FOR PRIVATE PUPILS!
COD
FIRE ALARM BUILDING
Elder

A stirring scene to say the least from M-G-M-G's "LEAVE ME OR ME LEAVE"!

WHAT DID SHE MEAN when she said she didn't know how to pay him off? Did she mean she didn't know how to *repay* him or did she mean she didn't know how to pay him *off* of something? What kind of English is "don't know how to pay you off?" Find out what she meant by seeing this picture.

M-G-M-G presents in **CAMERASCOPIC** and in **COLORAMIC** • **DORIS DAYTIME** and **JAMES CAGNEEBONE** in **"LEAVE ME OR ME LEAVE"**
co-starring JOSEF M. KORNMEYER • with Alfred E. Neuman • Elliot Cowsnofski • Photographed in film
Screen play by Alfred Kornmeyer & Josef E. Cowsnofski • Story by Elliot M. Neuman • Directed by Alfred Cowsnofski • Produced by Josef Neuman • An M.G.M.G. Picture

Advertisement?

LETTER DEPT.

We'd like to preface our letter column by announcing that the first issue of the New MAD sold out! We feel great! So we're going to get a little hammy by devoting most of our letter column to some of the congratulations we've received. We promise we won't do it again in the future.—ed.

This letter speaks for one ship, the U.S.S. George Clymer. We of the gunnery division would like to express our opinion of your book. Us guys have, at one time or another, read everything from Superman to Mike Hammer . . . They are read today and forgot by tomorrow . . . not really worth the time it takes to read them . . . A new book comes to the newsstands . . . you think, well might as well try it . . . it can't bore me any more than the rest of the d**n books . . . so you buy it, take it back to the ship, and start to read and . . . next thing you know you are falling out of your sack laughing like h**l . . . then someone helps you up, wiping the foam from your lips . . . the word is passed, soon everyone has MAD. To make a long story short, which is hard for me since I'm from TEXAS, son . . . we like it.

Jimmy J. Folse
4th Division
U.S.S. George Clymer

Your mag is too funny. Every time I read a few pages, I roll over laughing. While I am rolling, I roll over the MAD and tear or crumple up the pages. Must I nail MAD to the wall?

Arthur Chandley
Lubbock, Texas

At nine o'clock tomorrow morning, I will enter a place called "University Hall," located somewhere on the campus of King's College, Morningside Heights, etc., for a small final. This evening I have been reading your latest creation. I am writing to tell you if I am a freshman again next year it will be YOUR FAULT.

Henry D. Shapiro
New York 23, N. Y.

When I informed our platoon that MAD was on sale at the PX, we all rushed over there to buy our own personal copies. We had just finished scrubbing the floors, and we wanted something to put down on the center aisle so that we wouldn't track up the floor again.

Pfc. Ellis Lesack
Fort. Huachula, Arizona

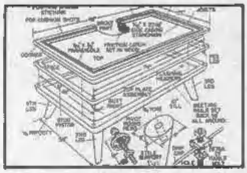
I read your latest MAD, on the great American sport, wrestling. You told of the Jivaro Finger-nail pinch which

Jivaro Finger Nail Pinch.

was said to paralyze your opponent. I tried this on my baby sister but it failed to paralyze her. She only got mad and beat me up.

Dick Boersma
Langmont, Colorado.

I have just completed your "Anyone Can Build" coffee table. Except for a few small changes I have followed your instructions to the word. The



Coffee Table

minor change I made was to sink a roulette wheel into the center. I have already made enough money to cover the cost of the table.

J. Lindley Mixon
Claremont Men's College,
Claremont, California.

What is the big idea putting in Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tale, "The Constant Tin Soldier" instead of a report from Russia in MAD #24? Who are you trying to kid? You didn't think anyone could read Russian? In the future please try to get a more authentic report.

Fine and Myron
Los Angeles, California.

Диар Сир,
Буя, тнат нию Мад вс тирріфх.
Хээп юп тжэ Wypx.
Мэлвін

Paul Cummins
Kansas City, Mo.

12-го мая 1955-го г.
Редакторам журнала
«Сумасшедший»

Прочел страницу 16 вашего журнала № 24 (единственную страницу имеющую какую-либо интересную тему, меж. проч.), а только хочу один вопрос поставить:

Где же фаршлагинэр конец?

Прошу ответить и направить конец статьи на адрес:

David H. Williams
Washington, D. C.

Мне нравится новый «MAD». Особенно мне нравится ваш «Доклад от России» в номере июля. А что случилось с оловянным солдатиком, красавицей и чертенком? Скажите мне быстро, вы сведете меня с ума.

«Сумасшедший любитель»

Name Withheld

We Marians are on the other side of the Transpositional Barrier, so up here everything is backwards. It is so much trouble to have to get a mirror when we want to read your literature, that we would like a special edition of MAD printed frontwards.

Bennie Barlett
Berkeley, California.

What in the world does "NGO GNGOGNGOGNO" mean? which appeared in MAD #24.

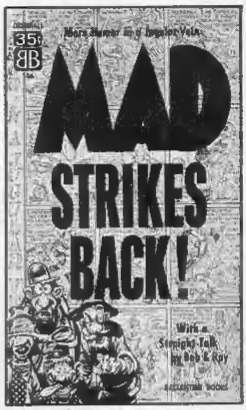
Gary Neusch
Staten Island, New York.

Ngogngogngo is clearly many Ngogns all gathered together.—ed.

Gosharootie! Such a wondrous magazine! From the sprightly nymphs and dashing centaurs, through the last, wondrous *Y*, the pages were radiant with unsurpassable wit. It would please me greatly if one of your magazines in the near future contained an article by Bob and Ray.

Hartley Gurney
Freetown, Mass.

Although funnymen Bob and Ray of East coast radio fame have not appeared in the New MAD, they have written an introduction in our latest paper-bound MAD book called "MAD STRIKES BACK!" published by Ballantine Books . . . 35c . . . on your newsstands . . . NOW! —ed.



"MAD STRIKES BACK!"

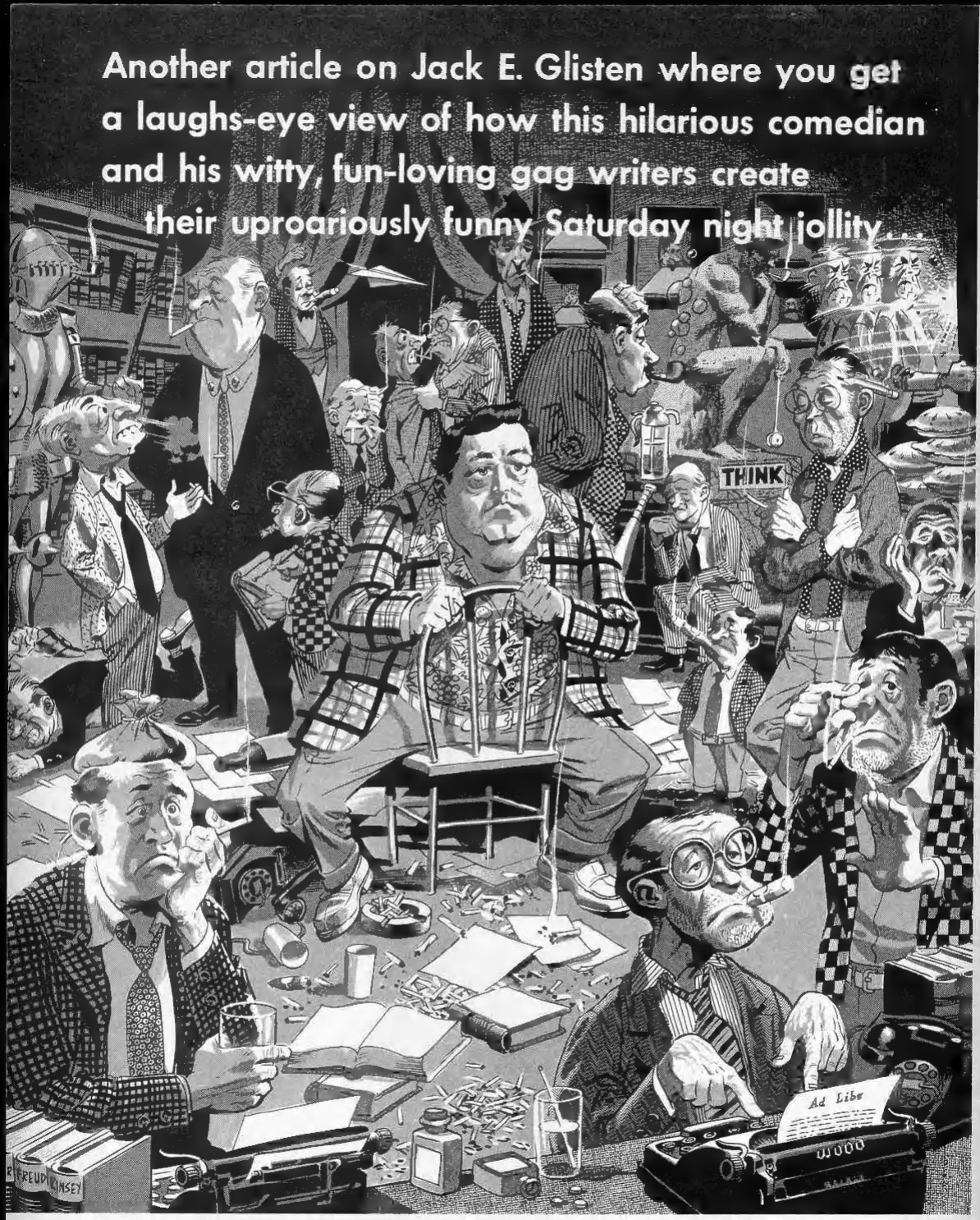
I get my MAD 24 . . . Everywhere I see the mug of this guy. Will you *please* explain his story and why he is so popular?

Gary Hoopes
Miami Beach, Fla.

"What, Me worry?"

Which brings up an interesting problem. The research staff of MAD has been trying for some time to track down the source of the 'What, me worry?' picture and so far, he hasn't come up with a thing. Any information leading to the procurement of the *original* 'What, me worry?' picture will be greatly appreciated.—ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 25, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York.



CREATING SIDE-SPLITTING SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW, SCOWLING GLISTEN SITS IN CENTER OF SNARLING WRITERS.

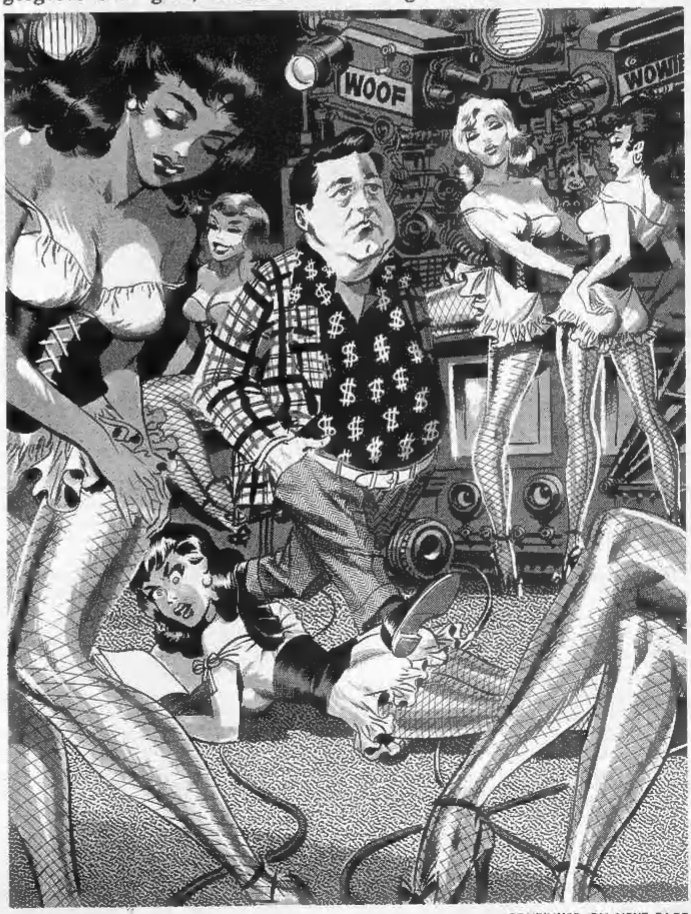
...the JACK E. GLISTEN story

Jack E. Glisten, the highest paid comic in the world, lives in a glamorous pent-house overlooking New York City. As you glide to a stop on his private, tartan, monogrammed elevator, you cannot help but gasp as the elevator doors whirr softly back, revealing a breath taking tartan apartment, a tartan lagoon running the length of the room and disappearing into the distance. While multi-hued fountains play amidst gamboling statuettes and flowering lilly pads, the muted strains of an orchestra hidden away on some lofty balcony, and playing gentle after-dinner music, reaches your ears. Various tables and counters set all about the room in the thick tartan carpeting are laden with comforts . . . ornate silver boxes filled with cigarettes, cut-glass bowls heaped with fruits, decorated jars crammed with money.

These are the servants quarters.

Jack E. himself lives in the more sumptuous part of the pent-house, but he has little time to enjoy all this luxury. Practically always, he is surrounded by a veritable army of people . . . managers, directors, writers, secretaries, valets . . . and when he travels about, it is not uncommon to see this group of people travelling with him. This compact little group of people, all in a tight little knot all packed together tight, now skittering to the right, now scrabbling to the left, now doing an oblique right march, and a to-the-rear march . . . when you see this dust cloud approaching being made by a tightly packed little group of people all together, you can bet it's Jack E. Glisten.

Quite used to being surrounded by gorgeous show-girls, Glisten's indifference is caught as he strolls amongst his beauteous chorines.



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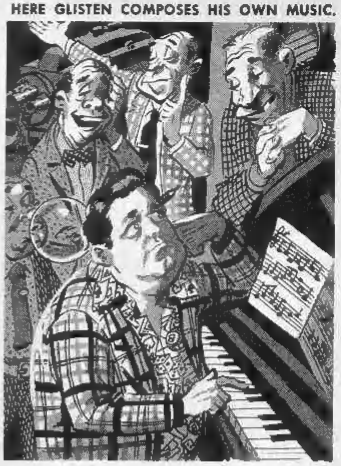
THE TALENTED GLISTEN WRITES, DESIGNS.

GLISTEN IS TALENTED DRAMATIC ACTOR.

HERE GLISTEN COMPOSES HIS OWN MUSIC.



IN SPARE TIME, GLISTEN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA THROUGH COMPLEX ARPEGGIO.

TALENTED . . .

Jack E. Glisten undoubtedly has many talents that bring him his fantastic income. The question is often asked . . . just what are these talents? Exactly what is it he does that brings him his fantastic income? No doubt, this is one of the foremost questions in your mind as you read and ponder this article. No doubt you are waiting for us to answer this question as most articles do . . . what he does exactly, to make his fantastic income. . . . You think we'd tell you? You think if we knew what he does to make his fantastic income, we'd tell you? If we knew exactly what he does to make his fantastic income, we wouldn't tell *you*. We'd go out and make his fantastic income ourselves, by George!

STILL FURTHER TALENTS . . . GLISTEN DABBLES IN PHYSICS . . . HAS SHED MUCH LIGHT ON UNEXPLORED AREAS OF ATOMIC SCIENCE.

POLITICALLY TALENTED GLISTEN TAKING TIME OUT TO GIVE GOV'T A HAND . . . HAS DONE MUCH TO CALM CRISES IN THE FAR EAST.

OVERWORKED

Though he's reached the top, Glisten still has to put in a crammed day's work. On a typical day, he arrives early in morning at studio for Sat. show script conference . . . thence to airport . . . revise script en-route to L.A. . . . contract conference in L.A. . . . writes next show en-route back to N.Y. . . . downtown, for rehearsal . . . penthouse, for sponsor's conference . . . uptown to T.V. studio . . . interviews chorus girls . . . crosstown to private office . . . O.K.'s musical number . . . downtown to shovel money in bank . . . uptown, final revisions on script . . . check on costumes . . . double check schedule . . . That ties it up, Glisten's work is finished and he can relax because he doesn't have to do anything else . . . not till after lunch.

HARD-WORKING GLISTEN WORKS WITH COLD.

FEVER DOESN'T STOP GLISTEN'S WORK.

WEAK AND HARDLY ABLE TO MOVE, GLISTEN, ATTENDED BY DOCTORS, GOES RIGHT AHEAD WITH UNABATED ENTHUSIASM WORKING ON SHOW.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MINUTES BEFORE HE'S SCHEDULED TO GO ON, SICK GLISTEN ■ CARRIED TO CAMERAS ON STRETCHER SO'S HE CAN KEEP ON WORKING.

NOW HE BRUSHES ASIDE THE PLASMA TUBES AND THE DOCTOR'S SCALPEL. IT'S JACK E. GLISTEN'S CUE AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

END

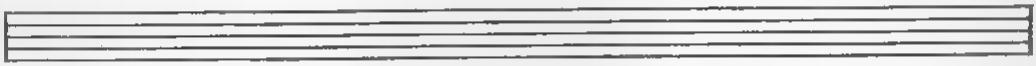
MUSIC DEPT.

Those of you who are interested in the square dance will enjoy the following interpretation of square dance calls that were brought to our attention on the Steve Allen *television program. The following Very Square Dance lyrics are reprinted without the Very Square Dance music since if we reprinted the Very Square Dance music, you wouldn't* go *out and buy the* original *Very Square Dance music* (Copyright MCMLV by Rosemeadow Publishing Corp., New York, N. Y.). *But if you want to be sneaky, go out and buy the original Very Square Dance Music* (copyright MCMLV by Rosemeadow Publishing Corp.., New York, N. Y.) *and copy in the notes on the staves we have provided below. Or better still, copy in any music you like. Or you can even copy in the grocery list.*—ed.

Very Square Dance

By Steve Allen

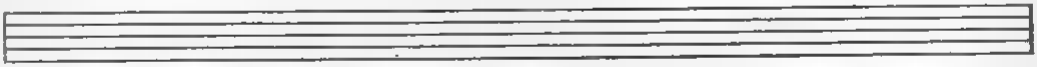
Rub your bel-ly with lin-seed oil, Wrap your head in al-



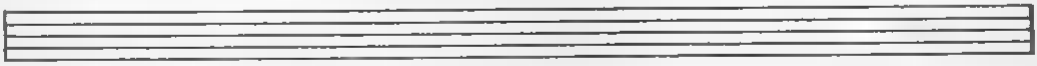
um-in-um foil. Scratch your back where it may itch,

Tune right in to Faye and Skitch. Play gin-rum-my with

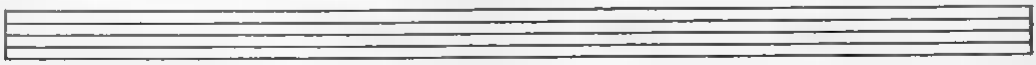
Four-teen decks, Punch and Ju-dy, Jinx and Tex.



Peas and car-rots—pud-din' and pie, I'll give you a



punch in the eye. Blow your brains out, flip your lid,



Oh, you cra-zy, mixed-up kid. Swing your clyde and

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Wash your face, in a gen-u-ine sty-rene car-ry-ing case.

Tur-key in the hay-loft mon-key in a tree Princeton 12, and

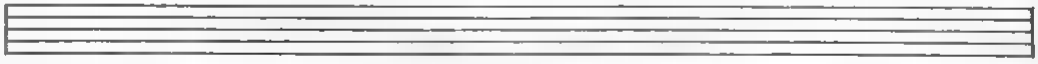
Na-vy 3. 'Pos-sum up a houn'-dog, chicken up a 'coon,

Let's have lunch some aft-er-noon. Ev-'ry-bo-dy Jump and

Rock and Roll, —I would-n't touch you with a ten foot pole.

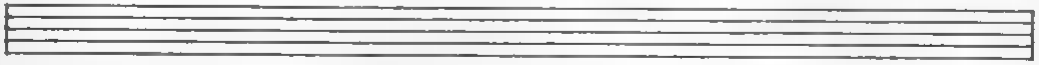
Da-vy Crock-ett dreamed and planned and he plays trom-bone with Ba-sie's band.

Big Da-vy Crock-ett from Ten-nes-see—he's the great-est thing since



Pink-y Lee.— At for-ty five—it may sound great, but

spin this re-cord at sev-en-ty eight. Swim-min' in the wa-ter,



Fly-in' in the air, I think this dance is pret-ty square.

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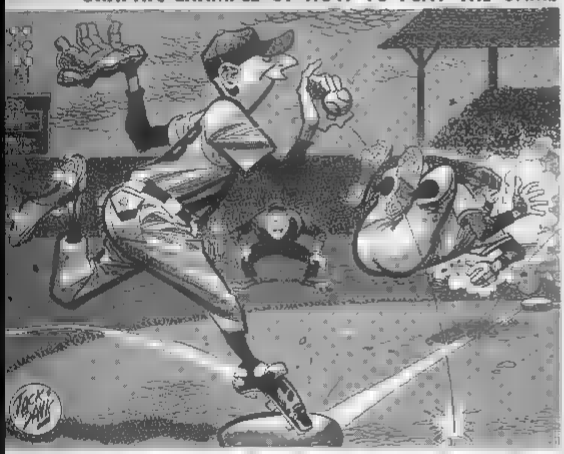
BASEBALL... SCIENCE OR SKILL?

Managers agree it's not important whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game that counts.

GRAPHIC EXAMPLE OF HOW TO PLAY THE GAME



SMOKY ALLSHOT
Scientific manager

CASEY STUMBLE
Instinctive manager

It takes more than just players to make a baseball team. There are owners, coaches, trainers, batboys, relatives, and many other spongers busily at work behind the scenes. But on the field the one guy who runs the whole show is the manager. On his broad shoulders they pile on all the troubles. His job is to win games no matter what kind of a crummy team those guys behind the scenes stick him with. Each manager has his own way of doing this but generally he's either the Scientific type or the Instinctive type.

Smo Allshot is the Scientific type manager. He has a staff of full time statisticians who write everything down in record books—like who the best pitchers are, the hardest hitters, the fastest runners, dirtiest players, sloppiest dressers and like that. At a moment's notice they can tell Allshot anything about anybody.

Casey Stumble, on the other hand, is the Instinctive type manager. He has a "feel" for making the right move. He ridicules Allshot for playing ball out of books. He personally feels it would be a complete waste of time for him to go looking things up in books when everyone knows he can't read a word. He prefers to rely on his intuition, experience, the way his corns feel, and his pocket sized divining rod.

Now lets turn the page and see how these clever fellows operate in an actual game.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MANAGER STUMBLE INSTINCTIVELY SELECTS STARTING PITCHER

STUMBLE CAREFULLY EYES HIS PITCHERS

NOTES EFFECT OF HOT WEATHER ON THEM

THEN MAKES A SWIFT, SURE FINAL PICK

MANAGER ALLSHOT SCIENTIFICALLY SELECTS STARTING PITCHER

SMOKY RUNS ROUTINE CHECK ON PITCHERS

PREPARES PITCHERS FOR HOT WEATHER . . .

THEN MAKES QUICK, CALCULATED CHOICE

MANAGERS CLASH IN GAME OF THE YEAR

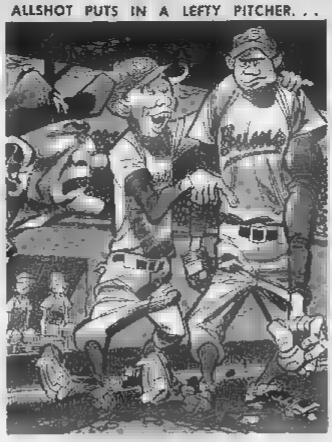
The stands are packed with a cheering, jeering, eating, drinking mass of humanity. The fans seem to be about equally divided in their sentiments. In fact some have to be divided by stadium police as they try to shove each other's sentiments down each other's throats.

Suddenly the opening pitch cuts the air. A thunderous roar mushrooms up from the stands and seventy-six thousand umpires vent their opinions.

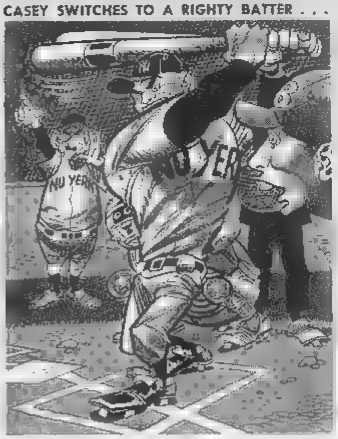
It becomes quickly evident that the care exercised in picking pitchers is paying off. The innings move swiftly by as the batters go hopelessly down in order. The fans settle back respectfully as this pitcher's duel unfolds. The tension mounts perceptibly. Eight and a half hitless, runless innings go by. Here and there in the stands the strain is momentarily relieved by the pitiful shriek of someone whose nerves have just snapped. It's the last of the ninth, two out, and up to bat is Ben Blech who hasn't had a hit in his last sixty-two trips to the plate. Instinctively manager Stumble senses this is a perfect spot for a pinch hitter. But whom? This is the most crucial moment in the most crucial inning in the most crucial game of ol' Casey's crucial career, calling for a crucial decision — "THAT'S IT! CRUCIAL... he sends in SAM CRUCIAL!

Allshot gets busy swiftly and scientific like. He looks up everything on Sam Crucial and concludes that he's a righty batter, and righty batters naturally hit better off lefty pitchers so...

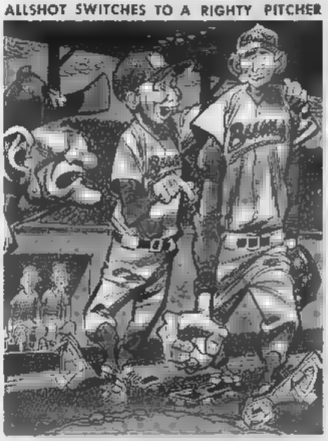
ALLSHOT PUTS IN A LEFTY PITCHER...



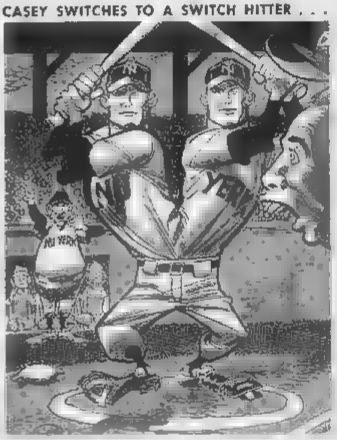
CASEY SWITCHES TO A RIGHTY BATTER...



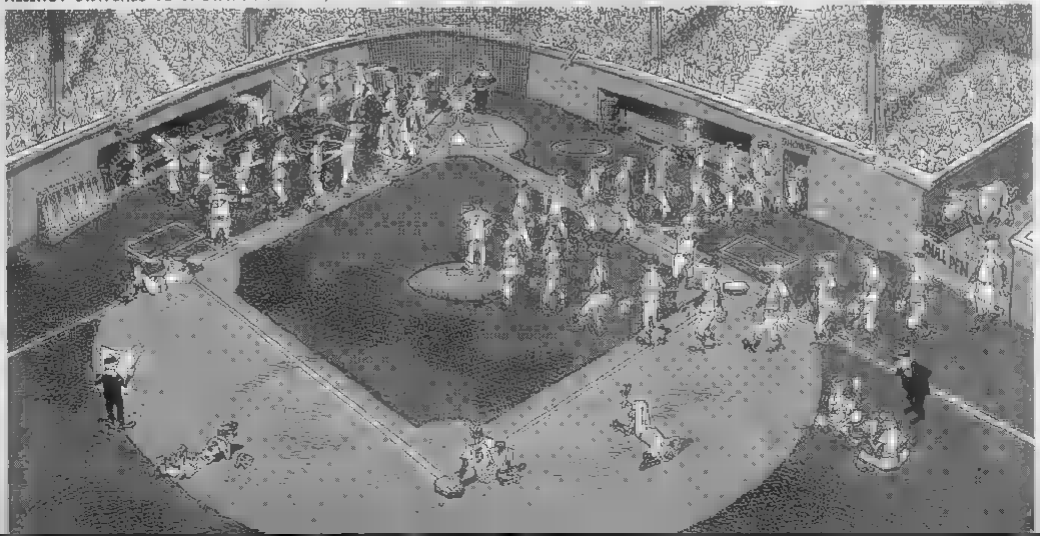
ALLSHOT SWITCHES TO A RIGHTY PITCHER



CASEY SWITCHES TO A SWITCH HITTER...

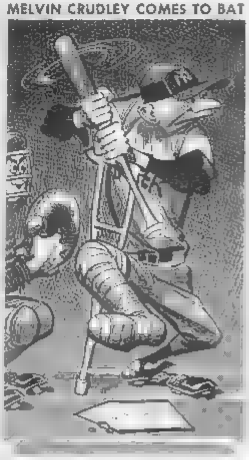


ALLSHOT SWITCHES TO A SWITCH PITCHER, SO CASEY SWITCHES TO A PITCH HITCHER, SO HITCHY KITCHES TO A WITCH ITCHER...



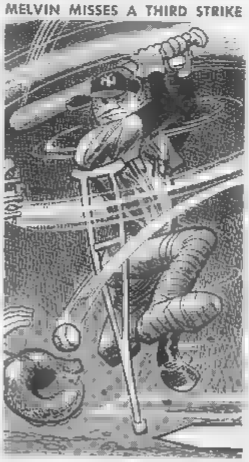
FINALLY THE LAST REMAINING ELIGIBLE PLAYERS ARE REACHED.

MELVIN CRUDLEY COMES TO BAT



ALFRED E. NEUMAN PITCHES . . .

MELVIN MISSES A THIRD STRIKE



THE CATCHER DOES THE SAME...

OFFICIAL RULE BOOK SAYS THAT BATTER CAN RUN ON DROPPED THIRD STRIKE. FANTASTIC PLAY THAT FOLLOWED IS DIAGRAMMED BELOW.

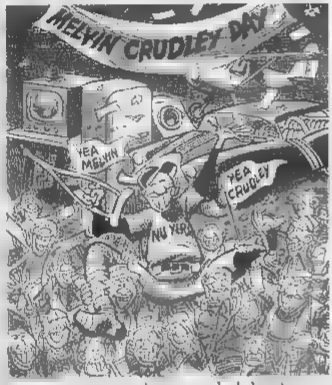
Pitcher goes to cover first knowing runner has already passed

motions right-fielder to play farther out

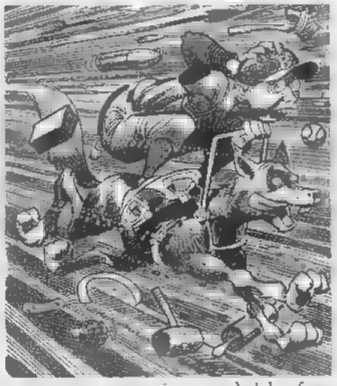
UNUSUAL PHOTO OF GAME-WINNING RUN SCORING.

Well, there we have it. The big game is over. Now at last we have something to go by in figuring out which plays the more important role in baseball—science or instinct. Of course we're not going to try and do this ourselves. We're having all we can do to keep from going nuts with this whole mess. So we called in a panel of the country's leading baseball experts. To them this is mere child's play and after listening to them a while we quickly learned why. They sounded like a bunch of two-year-olds at play, that's why. But seriously, these boys know their business. After adding up all the things that happened they quickly and confidently admitted that they can't make heads or tails of what was going on. This leaves the whole miserable mess up to one person . . . YOU!

FOLLOWING EXCITING EVENTS HELP TIE UP ALL LOOSE ENDS

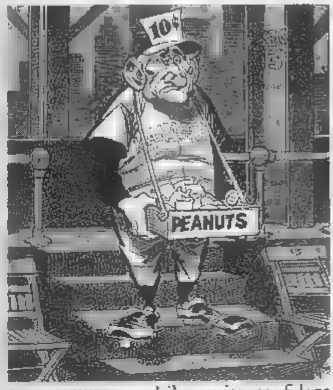


MELVIN CRUDLEY is rewarded by happy fans for brilliantly striking out . . .



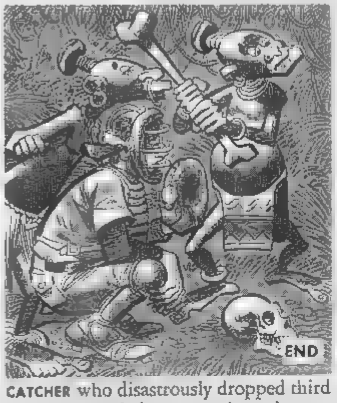
ALFRED E. NEUMAN is rewarded by fans for striking Melvin Crudley out . . .

LOSING MANAGER Allshot is fired . . . he blames everything on the statisticians.



CASEY DENIED pay hike, quits, confident he'll get a much better paying job . . .

SAD OWNERS reluctantly sell the team franchise to interests in other cities.



CATCHER who disastrously dropped third strike is traded to a minor league.

Moovie Land
MOOVIE LAND
wood
Modern
Movie Scream
Film
SCREEN THING
MARILYN DO IT?
Stan Freberg
Screen
MOTION PICTURES

Anyone for Wrist Slashing?

by Stan Freberg

I don't know about anybody else, but everytime I leaf through a movie magazine, its all I can do to keep from flailing my head against our used-brick fireplace in an effort to brainwash myself.

Why anyone would find delight in reading what "Tab Hunter's Favorite Vegetable Is," or "How June Allyson Finally Found Herself," or what "Sonny Tufts Wears To Bed," will remain one of the world's great unsolved mysteries to me. I couldn't care less. Still I am drawn like a ship to a rock full of sirens by these tales of trivia.

My first impulse upon reading something called "What it would be like to be Mrs. Rory Calhoun" was one of sheer panic. I was torn between hurling myself into a tub full of luke warm Yami Yogurt, or shaving my head and becoming a Trappist Monk. I do not even wish to know what it would be like to be Rory Calhoun, let alone *MRS*. This may seem to be an unorthodox attitude, as I am (in a rather small way) in the public eye. But I swear, honor bright, that if anybody from Modern Screen ever shows up at my house with a questionnaire and a camera, I shall beat them to within an inch of their life. (There will be a slight pause here while Modern Screen says "Don't worry pal, we never intended to.")

Comes now a story in the June issue of Silver Screen on Liz Taylor and titled; "REALLY! MISS TAYLOR." Really Miss Taylor is right. The authors would impress upon you (and I quote;) *"Liz may be charmingly confused by economy and cooking, but she's an 'old fashioned mother' whose home is her delight."*

SU - - - RE she is. She's like any "old fashioned mother" on your block. Listen:

"Elizabeth loves to greet the day sleeping late, breakfasting in bed, and going around the house with the sterling speed of a snail."

Commenting on her sparse wardrobe, the authors exclaim:

"You'd expect her wardrobe to be bulging with Parisian creations. A peek inside reveals exactly two French labels, more slacks than Evening Gowns, and one or two dresses that she wore when she was 14 years old. 'Of course' she confided, 'They no longer fit but I just can't bear to part with them."

On her "Old Fashionedness":

"She much prefers . . . cutting her own hair. If she notices a long strand in her short bob, she picks up whatever's handy, usually the manicure scissors, and proceeds to snip, hit or miss fashion."

On her Economy:

"When Liz spotted a bracelet she adored . . . a few weeks later she was considering a mink stole, but decided against buying it. 'Michael,' (Wilding) she said to her husband that evening. 'I've figured out a way I won't upset the budget, yet can buy the bracelet, . . . I didn't buy the mink stole, so I can use the money I saved on it to buy the bracelet.'

'That,' he announced, 'is the most amazing piece of logic I've ever heard!' but a week later, she had that bracelet in her Jewel box. It was a gift—from Michael."

Her youngest son (2 year old "Mikie") must be mighty durn proud to have such an every-day plain-old fashioned mother.

"Thank goodness he's such a good little boy and hasn't needed a spanking. His most serious pranks are pulling out light plugs and dialing phone numbers. The amazing thing is he often gets a real number and carries on a conversation!"

Her life is not without it's bitter disappointments:

"According to Michael, one of the nicest gifts Liz ever received, was an extra large T.V. set for the bedroom. Unfortunately, when they moved into their new home, her big luxury of lying in bed watching T.V. became a thing of the past. The bedrooms in their hillside house are located on a lower level, and they can't get any reception."

A bitter blow in any girl's life, I agree. She is also faced each day with problems that would make a less stalwart person snap under the strain. Consider the "Marble coffee table crisis:"

"It had me baffled" . . . Liz observed. "It weighs 550 pounds, is a free-form design, and measures eight feet at it's longest point. I had no idea when I had it designed that it wouldn't fit through the front door. Fortunately, the movers were alert fellows, and barely managed to squeeze the chunk of marble through a side door where the room was being remodeled."

I imagine you will rest easier, as indeed I did, to learn that the problem had been whipped.

She is not without an average American girl hobby or two, as revealed by the authors who, by their own admission, find Miss Taylor a tonic. They do not state what kind however.

"We've talked with Elizabeth many times and always find her a tonic. Once when we were lunching together, we asked what her favorite hobbies were. She replied; 'Jewelry and Houses.'"

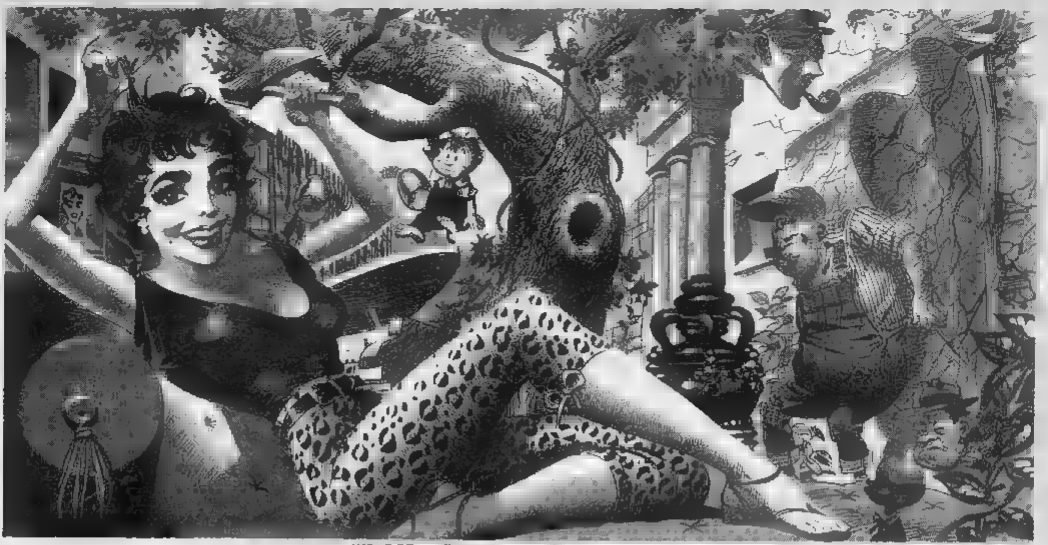
On the subject of the latter:

"Each has been larger and more luxurious than the last. Their current house is done in excellent taste, even though it boasts a swimming pool in the FRONT yard."

The Wildings are not without their flair for the "dramatic":

"Their new home is done in beige with a 'dramatic' living room. Two glass walls, large stone fireplace and a tree growing in the corner."

Dramatic is right. It doesn't state what kind of tree, but you can bet it's no different from a tree like any other "old fashioned" mother might have growing in her living room. The astonishing thing about this whole article is that in several ways it closely parallels a screen play which I completed last February. The main characters, and indeed the very motif of the house are so similar that people might suspect I copied them after Miss Taylor and her ménage.



WE GOT A TABLE HERE FOR MRS. WILTING.

Perish the thought! It is sheer chance, and any resemblance between Mr. and Mrs. Wilding and MY characters is not only coincidental, but outrageous that you should suggest it!

SCENE: Home of "Liz" Trailer, beautiful movie queen. A delivery man stands at the front door of her beige mansion. He is dripping wet having fallen head-long into the front yard swimming pool, which he did not expect to be there. He pushes the doorbell and the air is rent by giant chimes playing the theme from "A Place In the Sun." With a burst of tympani, the door slowly opens, tripping a circuit which floods the beige living room with indirect beige neon lighting. From the shadows steps a maid in a beige uniform, her beige face peering quizically at the intruder.

MAID: Yes?

DLVRY MAN: (Whistles appreciatively) That's quite an effect ya got here!

MAID: Yeah, it's a dramatic living room, ain't it? I see yer wet.

DLVRY MAN: You're tellin' me I'm wet? Why don't they put the pool in the back-yard like everybody else?

MAID: Don't ask me, buster. That's a nasty flesh-wound on yer forehead. You hit the diving board?

DLVRY MAN: No the house. It sorta blends into the hills here. It's beige.

MAID: You're tellin' me it's beige? Whattaya want?

DLVRY MAN: We got a 550 pound, 8 foot free-form marble coffee table here for Miss Trailer. She home?

MAID: No, she's in bed, having breakfast. She likes to greet the day by sleeping late.

DLVRY MAN: How's that again?

MAID: Skip it. Where's the table?

DLVRY MAN: In the pool. See I was on the front end and I was backing toward the house.

MAID: Good lord! Don't just stand there! Get it out!

DLVRY MAN: Charlie and Ed have got a block and tackle on it. We'll have it out pretty quick. Where's it go?

Copyright 1955 by Stan Freberg

MAID: In the living room. Bring it right through here. (She turns toward the living room and blends into the motif.)

SCENE: Dissolves to Liz who is traveling up the stairs from the lower level, at the sterling speed of a snail. She is dressed in a purple strapless Don Loper Original. Her husband, Michael Wilting, stands at the head of the stairs, his arms outstretched.

LIZ: Michael!

MICHAEL: Liz! How lovely you look in that purple strapless Don Loper original.

LIZ: This old rag? I've had it since I was fourteen. Of course it no longer fits, but I just can't bear to part with it.

MICHAEL: What a thrifty little wife I have.

LIZ: (Putting a cigarette into her jeweled cigarette holder and lighting it with her solid gold lighter in the shape of the M.G.M. lion.) I'm just an old fashioned mother I guess, but I've figured out how to cut our budget this month. You know that Hope Diamond I want so much?

MICHAEL: Now Liz...

LIZ: (putting her fingers to his lips,) Hush. I've decided not to buy Miami Beach, and with the money I save on not buying Miami Beach I can get the diamond.

MICHAEL: (A look of sheer reverance breaking over his face,) Is there no end to your cleverness?

SOUND: CRASH!

LIZ: (screams!)

(Michael runs to front door where the men have succeeded in ripping all the moulding off the seven foot front door, with the eight foot, 550 pound free-form marble coffee table.)

MICHAEL: What the devil's going on here?

DLVRY MAN: (Staggering under load) We got a table here for Mrs. Wilting.

LIZ: (Coming into scene like snail) Oooh! It's my

table, Michael. Isn't it beautiful? The marble glistens almost like it was wet!

MICHAEL: Well it won't fit through here! Bring the fool thing around the other side of the living room.

(Men stagger back off porch while Liz and Michael walk into the dramatic beige living room Liz pulls the drapes, letting in the noonday sun and tripping the circuit which turns on the Hi-Fi system. Exhausted by the effort, she sinks onto a 12 foot beige ottoman, as a long playing applause record booms over the Hi-Fi. She bows graciously from the ottoman. In one corner of the room her young son "Mikie" swings by his feet from the lower branches of the tree which grows there. She calls to him;

LIZ: Get down Mikie. The blood is rushing to your head!

MAID: Let the child be, Mam. This room could use a little color.

LIZ: Where are you? I can't see you?

MAID: I'm over here, blending with the motif.

LIZ: Oh. (She picks up a pair of pinking shears and commences to chop at her hair, hit or miss fashion.)

MAID: You're going to ruin your hair, Mam. Why don't you let a barber do that?

LIZ: At a buck fifty a crack? No thank you. I'll do it myself.

MIKIE: (Climbing down from tree and embracing her) Oh mummy. You're just an old fashioned mother, and I'm thankful that you've raised me in an old fashioned way. I wouldn't trade you for all my General Motors stock!

SOUND: GRAAACK! (Room trembles, and a sound is heard, not unlike a ratchet.)

MIKIE: What is that sound, not unlike a ratchet?

LIZ: They're jacking up the bedrooms so I can lie in bed and watch T.V. It's my big luxury. Go pull some light plugs out and dial some phone numbers now.

MIKIE: WHEE! (He exits.)

MAID: (Picking apples from tree) You ought'nt to let him use the phone.

LIZ: Why not? He never reaches anyone.

MAID: Oh Yeah? He bought and sold Jamaica Park three times yesterday.

LIZ: Remind me to cut his allowance, Michael.

MICHAEL: (Sticking his head out of tree house in top of tree) Please dear, I'm studying a script!

(The deliverymen appear staggering and straining outside glass wall of living room. At that moment the hillside trembles again from the bedroom raising. Charlie and Ed flee in panic, (under the impression that the Russians have hit L.A.) leaving the lone delivery man to bear the entire weight of the coffee table. With a mighty crash he careens right through the glass wall of the living room, hurling glass like shrapnel and depositing the table under the tree with a thud.

LIZ: Not there, you idiot! It goes over here by the ottoman!

DLVRY MAN: (Groans.)

LIZ: Here here! You're bleeding all over the motif!

DLVRY MAN: I'm bleeding on my overalls too.

LIZ: Who cares about your overalls?

DLVRY MAN: I do. I've had them since I was 39 years old. Of course, they no longer fit, but I just can't bear to part with them.

LIZ: Oh well, the room could use a little color.

MAID: That's what I say.

SOUND: (Room trembles.)

MICHAEL: (Springing from tree-house and bounding out of room.) How can I concentrate? HOW CAN I CONCENTRATE??

DLVRY MAN: (Applying a tourniquet) What's that thing supposed to be?

LIZ: It's a 550 pound eight foot marble free form coffee table.

DLVRY MAN: You're telling me? I mean what's it supposed to be?

LIZ: It's done in the shape of Dore Schary.

DLVRY MAN: (Studying table) I can't see it. It looks more like a quick-frozen Darryl Zanuck to me.

LIZ: It's Schary! I designed it, you fool! (Picking up a large splinter of glass and chopping at her hair, hit or miss fashion.) I cut my own hair, you know.

DLVRY MAN: (Squinting at table) Dore Schary eh?

MIKIE: (On phone in other room) Buy a thousand shares of Davey Crockett.

MAID: The apples are picked.

LIZ: Well, get that pie baked. Silver Screen will be here at three to take pictures of me taking it out of the oven.

MAID: What an old fashioned mother you are.

(Front door opens, but dramatic beige neon lights fail to operate, as Mikie has pulled plug. Liz moves snail-like to greet husband who stands in doorway. 45 minutes later, she reaches him.

MICHAEL: I'm home. (They embrace)

LIZ: You're wet.

MICHAEL: I fell in the pool.

LIZ: What did you bring me?

MICHAEL: The Hope Diamond.

LIZ: (Squealing) OOOOOH! I got it after all! (He tosses it to her and scales the tree.) I've been thinking it over. That table does look like Zanuck. Take it back.

(Deliveryman turns pale at prospect and steadies himself against drapes causing Hi-Fi to start up. Michael, (hearing applause) comes out of tree-house to take bow and plummets to floor.

LIZ: I'm so tired. I think I'll tell the studio I'll do only one picture a year from now on.

MIKIE: (Toddling into room) You'll do three and like it. You're working for me now.

LIZ: WHAT?

MIKIE: (Smugly) I just bought control of Loews, Inc.

LIZ: What a naughty thing to do. I'll have to spank you.

MIKIE: Lay one finger on me and you're on suspension. (He leaves playing catch with Hope Diamond)

LIZ: But . . . (She turns desperately to husband who is no fool. He has painted himself beige, and disappeared into the motif.)

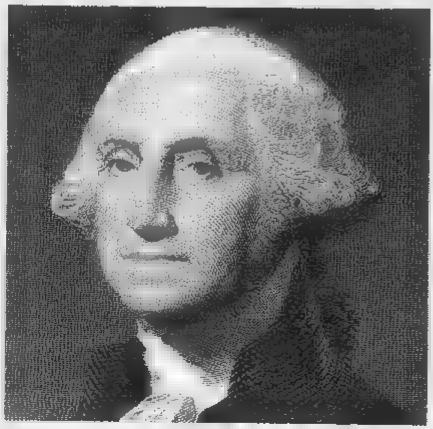
MAID: Silver Screen is here.

(Liz wearily puts plug back into socket, causing beige neon lights to flicker on about the dramatic living room, made even more dramatic by the shadow of the deliveryman who has hung himself from the tree.) THE END

Next . . . a treat! . . . the kind of magazine reading that's sweeping the country, where we expose confidential information and dig up all kinds low-down you can run tattle about! There'll be lusty gossiping o'er the back fences tonight when you read the following skeletons we rooted from the closets . . . Forinstance . . .

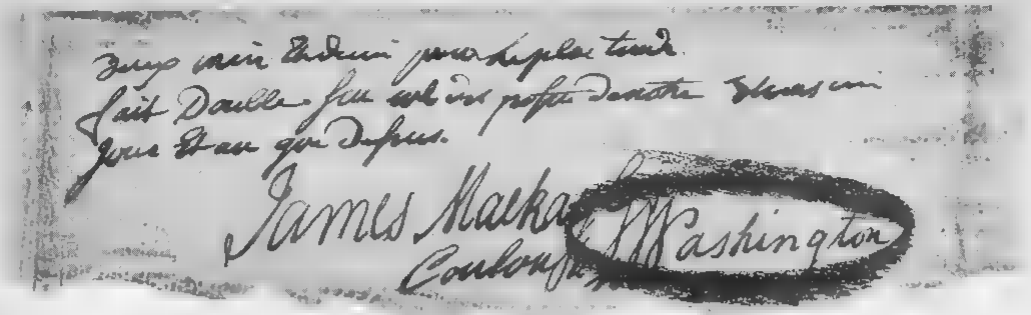
WAS GEORGE

"I cannot tell a lie, Pa . . . I cut down the cherry tree with my little hatchet . . ." Did he really say it? Was it a cherry tree? Did he really use a little hatchet? Who was covering up?



This is the picture that the ones who are covering up have wanted you to believe. But if you want to know the real unvarnished truth, take a good lookerola at the picture to the right of this one

This is our own exclusive picture with eyeglasses right back where they belong, wig removed along with false wooden teeth. Now decide for yourself if someone hasn't handed you the phonus-bolonus!



An irrefutable document. The signature: James MacKay, British commander. Below it the signature of fellow British officer before he conveniently decided to switch allegiance; *G. W. Washington.*

WASHINGTON "GEORGE"?

Was he 'george'?. . to use a popular expression meaning was he O.K.? What's the straight dope about the man who was allowed to lead our boys against the King of England? Well, cackle over this one:

In 1759, who do you think appealed for—quote—"the heroic spirit of every free-born Englishman to attest the rights and privileges of our King." A quote from Cornwallis or Burgoyne? Hold on to your hats because it was our own G.G.W. who dropped those pearls of advice. And who do you think he was getting his combat pay from at the time Braddock was his top-kick? King Georgie, of course.

Those are the facts. Add them up yourself. If one and one makes two it's clear some one is covering up the real facts about how the revolutionary war was won. But here's something even more sensational for you to snivel about.

G.G.W. was no slouch with the women. While he was putting the engagement ring on Martha with one hand, with the other he was writing love letters like this: ". . . I profess myself a votary of love . . . you have drawn me, dear Madam . . . into an honest confession of a simple Fact . . . doubt it not, nor expose it . . ." What's wrong with a little old love letter you say? Hold on to your tricorns. This little missive was written to George's *neighbor's wife!*

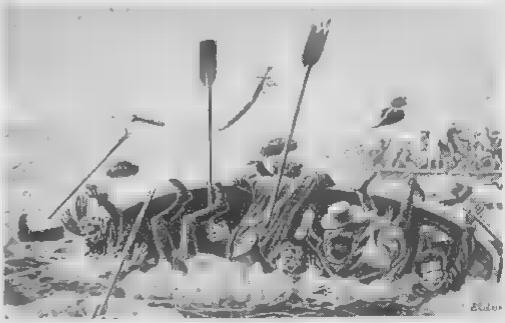
Which all goes to prove how we, with our fearless investigatory methods, can dig up the hushed-up facts on this man's life . . . which all goes to prove how we can dig up hushed-up facts on *any* man's life.

And by golly, don't think we haven't got the hushed-up facts on *all* YOU out there.

So watch out!

They want you to believe he stood in the boat like this . . .

We believe standing would have rocked it over like this.



WHO IS COVERING UP? CONTINUED

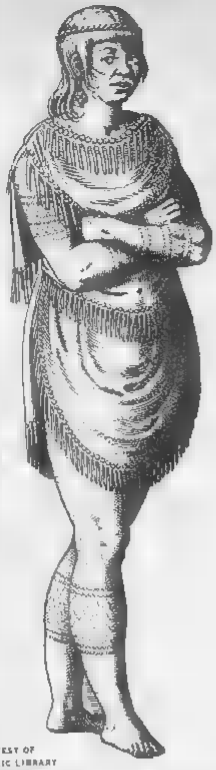
Continuing our confidential information article...we next include the type feature that is always good for a leer or two . . . you know the type, it goes something like this . . .

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT

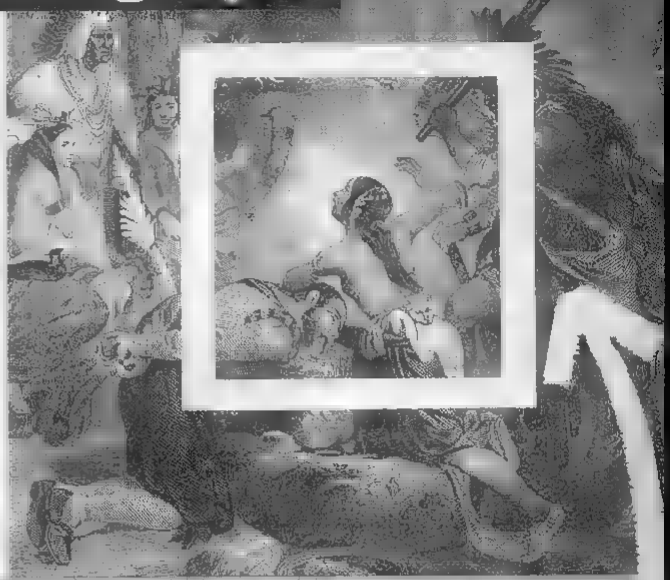
John Smith And His Indian Princess

The boys sent him out to barter trinkets and beads for fish, fowl and corn . . . But (haw!) it seems that the copper-hued Algonquin maidens (snicker!) were more his (guffaw!) dish.

What was Powhatan covering up?



COURTESY OF
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

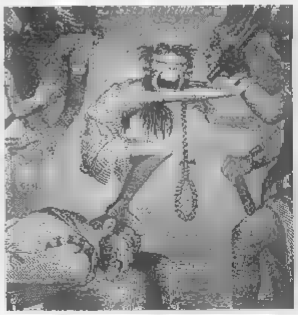


For the past 350 years, the hottest scandal of the century has been kept hush-hush until now. For 350 years, John Q. Public has been told that John Smith was rescued by a romantically inclined Indian princess named Pocahontas whose poppa, Powhatan, had ordered Smith's brains bashed out. But the full story that John Q. Public doesn't know is one that had the settlers buzzing from the Werowocomo to the Pawmunkey.

We don't know what they called it then, but what we call it now is "robbing the cradle." For the simple fact is Pocahontas at the time was a tender, 12 years of age.

The record speaks for itself in John's own handwriting when he wrote in 1618, ". . . the King's most deare and wel-beloued daughter, being but a childe of twelue or thirteene yeeres of age." Furthermore, from his friends records, ". . . shee was . . . not past 13 yeares of age. Verie ofte shee came . . . with what shee covld get for Captaine Smith; that euer loued and vsed all the Countrie well, but her especially he euer mvch respected." That's the way the record reads, and, even though it's hard to read because of the way words have "e"s on the ends and the 'v's are used for 'u's and vice-versa, the sirvatione is uerye obuiovse. And what does it all mean?

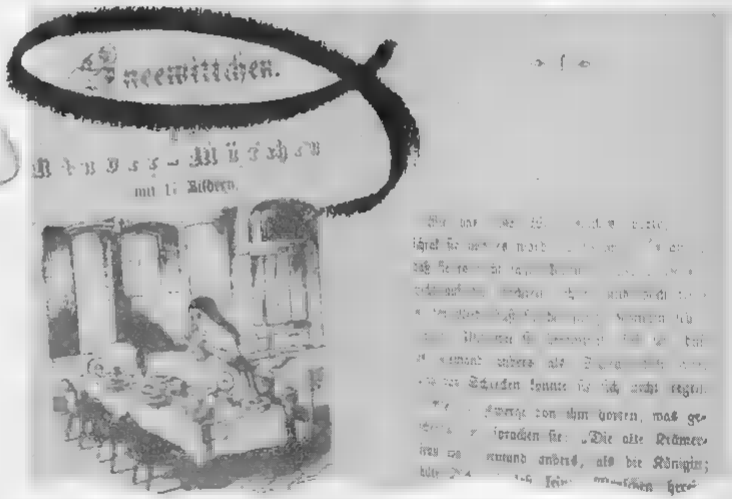
It all all adds up to the fact that somebody's been covering up! Why the very name, John Smith, is as phoney as a wooden nickel and is obviously an alias. It all adds up to the fact that John Q. Public has once more been taken!



By George, ain't this fun? Our next article is real exclusive . . . While most articles are monotonously informative, this one's completely uninformative where we tell you everything about nothing.

Was Snow White

HERE'S THE STORY ON THE HOAX OF THE CENTURY ...THE SNOW WHITE *WHITE WASH*



Documentary proof. Here is a photograph of the original "Snow White" book. Only she wasn't so Snow White as the title so clearly indicates.

Are you one of the suckers that got sold a phoney bill of goods on Snow White? If you are, and you probably are, this article will put you straight. For years now, millions of people have been duped into believing that Snow White is the real name of a time-honored fairy-tale character who had a run-in with seven dwarfs. Acting on an anonymous tip, we've been investigating this story and have come up with some sensational facts, the most startling of which is that Snow White is an *alias*.

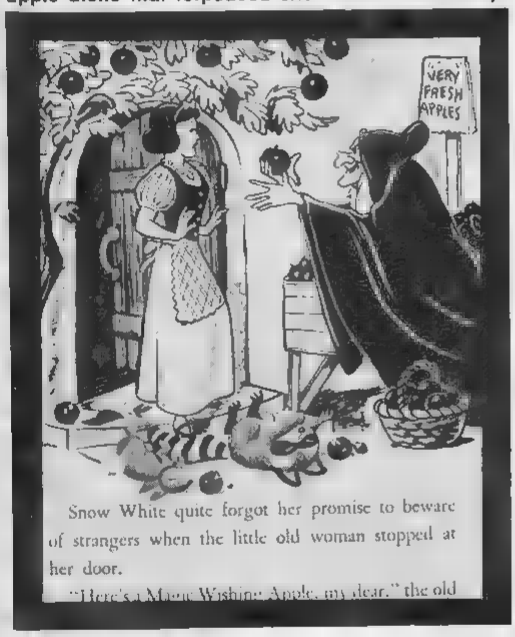
The true facts of the matter is that first of all, the name is not Snow White but is Snow *Drop* . . . Or if you really want to get technical, the name is Snee wittchen . . . obviously a name of foreign extraction.

Sneewittchen conveniently disappeared when Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs came along.

What we ask is . . . what happened to Snowdrop? Answer that, and you'll blow the lid off the scandal of the century. Obviously, somebody is covering up.

Really Snow White ?

Fiction: that it was a poisoned apple and a poisoned apple alone that torpedoed Snow White (Snowdrop)



Snow White quite forgot her promise to beware of strangers when the little old woman stopped at her door.

"Here's a Magic Wishing Apple, my dear," the old

Fact: that it was truth as well as poison apple a poisoned comb and a treacherously tightened corset.

Der genel dem Kind so gut, daß es sich bethören ließ und die Thür öffnete. Als es den Kamm gekauft hatte, sprach die Alte: „Nun will ich Dich auch kämmen." Snee-

A second element in the Snow White mystery is the seven dwarfs. Who are these dwarfs with their obviously underworld titles of Dopey, Happy, Doc, Grumpy, Sneezy, Bashful, and Sleepy? Translated into the foreign tongue the original Snowdrop appeared in, these names would be Dummchen, Fröhlich, Doktor, Brummbär, Niessen, Schüchtern, and Schlafhaube. Now get this little bit of interesting info.

In our thorough investigation of all the original works of Sneewittchen, nowhere did we turn up a single Dummchen, Fröhlich, Doktor, Brummbär, Niessen, Schüchtern or Schlafhaube.

Apparently, these seven dwarfs are imposters. That somebody is covering up the facts unquestionable. That is one of the many plots going on around you day in and day out as we have proven in the past six pages also unquestionable.

All that remains is for you, the people to do something! Act! Form groups! Write your congressman! But mainly, go kill yourself!

END

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

as told by Ernie (Pierre Ragout) Kovacs

Being that Mr. Ernie (*Pierre Ragout*) Kovacs *is a very sophisticated type story teller, he does not hesitate to revert back to his native tongue in order to sophisticate and enhance his tale. In other words, he sticks in them furshlugginer foreign expressions making the whole miserable story impossible to understand. We are therefore, including a foreign language index and sending* Mr. Kovacs *back to where he came from.*—ed.

Once upon *les temps* in *une petite* suburb of *Hamburg*, around Germany, there lived a King and, *naturellement*, a Queen. They were *trés plus furshlugginer* happy except that there was no slap of *petite enfant barefoots* on *la cuisine* linoleum.

"*Dunnewetter*" *dites la* Queen, "*Je* wish we had une couple *enfants.*"

"You *dites* a mouthful" *dites* the King, "deal."

"*Je suis* sick of playing *pinochle*," *dites la* Queen, "*Je* would rather have *une enfant.*"

So the malheureuse Queen went for a walk near the royal stream. On *les* banks of *le* stream, she saw a fish gasping for air like a fish out of *le lave.*

"*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" *dites le* fish. "Whattsamatta you, you blind? I'm hardly coulda catcha my breath. Tossa me back ina da drink."

So *la* Queen tossed *le* fish into the stream.

"Hoh boy, fresha air," dites le fish. "I'ma coulda breathe again. Atsa better than Vick's Vaporubba. Anytinga you wish. Maybe a guesta shot ina Ed Sullivana's audience some-a-time."

"I desire," *dites la* Queen, "*une petite enfant.*"

"A *bambino*," dites *le* fish, "atsa pooshover. When you getta back inside-a you castle, looka ina kitch'. *Riverderci!*"

When *la* Queen *est retournée* to *la* castle, she find *la petite enfant* in *la* kitchen.

"*Chaud chien!* Hot Dog!", *dites le* King, now *nous* give a party!"

"Perhaps we save *deux* bucks or so by not inviting *le* whole *furshlugginer* neighborhood," *dites le* King, "so *nous* will just invite twelve *bonnes* fairies. *Le* thirteenth fairy is not so much on *bon* looks, anyway."

*Tout*body in *le* castle was *trés* excited . . . *Tout* were getting ready for *le* big *affaire* . . . ordering fine garments to wear. *Le* King was perfection itself. Cashmere jockey shorts . . . Robert Hall Robe and a sceptre once used by King Farouk as *une* table knocker at El Morocco. The Queen wore *une* gown so daringly *bas*-cut that *le* King pinned *une* corsage on front in case Earl Wilson was coming.

Soon the time for *le* big *affaire est arrivé. Les* butlers put *les* twelve soup plates *raus* for *les bonnes* fairies and the court jester oiled his teleprompter.

Then *les* fairies began arriving. *La* Queen met them at *la porte* and there were the usual exchanges . . .

"Well, Queen, you *certainement* managed to keep *le* figure."

"Oh, *l'enfant* looks just like *vous*, King."

"Haven't I seen that sceptre someplace before?" and so forth . . .

"Before *l'affaire* commences," *dites la* Queen, "what kind of presents have *vous*-all brought the kid?"

So each of the twelve fairies presented their gifts . . . The first gave *l'enfant* beauty . . . the second, intelligence . . . the third, a tip on a basketball fix . . . and so it went. Just ■ *la* twelfth fairy was about to give her gift, *la porte* flew open like an exit door at a Burlesque raid and in clomped fairy *numbaire* thirteen.

"Whatsamatter *avec* with *moi?*" she *dites* . . . "Whatsamatter . . . *Je* got bad breaths or somesuch? . . . *Je* ain't *bon* enough for you? I knew *vous* when *vous* slung *schnitzel* in *le Brauhaus.* Okay, Queen, *je* have a gift, too. When your kid *est* fifteen years old, she's gonna stick her finger on a spindle and croak, real *morte*-like."

"Oh, King . . . King . . . say something . . . say something!" *dites la* frantic Queen.

"Whatinheck is a spindle?" ask *le* King. "Burn 'em all up, anyway, whatever they are."

Just then *la* twelfth fairy *dites: "Je* did not give my gift yet. *Je* cannot correct *la* thirteenth fairy's bad wish but *je* can change it. When the *enfant* is fifteen years old, she will prick her finger on a spindle but will not die."

"She won't?" smiled la Queen through her tears.

"Whatinheck is a spindle?" asked le King.

"She will only sleep," *dites la* twelfth fairy, for one hundred years."

"*Merci*, but," *dites le* King, "can't you make it ninety-nine or something and put the extra year in the jackpot? How about benzedrine?"

"Sorry, King, that's *la* way it has to be . . . whattya say we get on with the chow and drinks."

a-vec (ah-vék) Fr. *prep.* With.
bam-bí-no (bâm-bee'no) *n.* Special version of the beaney cap with firecracker substituted for propeller.
bonnes (bün) Fr. *adj. pl.* plural of bon (fem.) good.
cui-sine (kwee-zeen) Fr. *n.* kitchen.
deux (dërr) Fr. *adj. & n.* two.
dites (dëe-tés) Fr. *v.* said. (he said, she said.)
Dun-ne-vet'ter (dûn-ne-vet'ter) *v.* The act of wetting one of the female gender; as, when you pushed her into the swimming pool, you Dunnevetter.
en-fant (en-fông) Fr. *n.* child.
est ar-ri-vé (ayt ah-ree-vay) Fr. *pr. prtcpl.* has arrived.
fur-shlug-gin'er (fur-shlôôg-gin'er) *expl.* Much the same as farshimmelt.
Ham-burg (häm-bûrg) *n.* A broiled chopped-meat sandwich.
Je (jër) Fr. *pron. sing.* I.
la (läh) Fr. *def. art. fem. sing.* the.
lave (lähve) Fr. *v.* to wash—*i.e.* the drink, the water.
le (Lër) Fr. *def. art. mas. sing.* the.

The Prince rushes to awaken *l'enfant* because *il voit cette belle fillette, endormie, cette fillette si jolie, d'un aspect si ravissant, qu'a sa vue son coeur est frappè d'un amour passionnè,* and mainly she's snoring.

Fifteen years later, *l'enfant est* walking about *le* castle mumbling to herself..."Now what was *je* supposed to do today..." Just then she met a little old lady with a spindle.

"Oh, can *je* try that?" *dites l'enfant.* And soon as she did, she fell down in *une* deep sleep.

"So THAT'S a spindle," mumbled *le* King as he, too, dozed off. Soon, everybody was falling asleep. *Les* guards...*les* chambermaids...*la* pedicurist (slumping over her cuticle, scissors and emery boards).

Forty years later, *le* jeune prince rode up on a white-on-white horse. He entered *le* castle and walked about...Every body was sound asleep. Suddenly he came upon *l'enfant*... "Hey, not bad. *Je* will kiss *cette* sweet *patootie* and wake her and so forth."

Just then, he looked up and saw *une* sign which said *l'enfant* would sleep one hundred years.

"Hmmmm—sixty years to go," *dites le* prince, "*Je* will wait."

So he went outside and sat on the steps for three score years. *Le* prince was all ready for *la* kiss as he had aged *considerablement* and was now pre-puckered.

Le prince hobbled up *les* stairs; his old legs creaking *avec le* effort.

"Hmmmm boy, why did she not fall asleep on *la* lawn," grumbled le prince.

He finally managed to get to *l'enfant* and gave her *la* big kiss. *L'enfant's* eyes fluttered..."Who...who kissed me?" she *dites.*

"*Je* did," proudly *dites le* prince.

"*Pheaugh!* What have you been eating?" *dites l'enfant.*

---

merci (mercy) Fr. *expr.* thanks.
moi (möwah) Fr. *pers. pron.* me.
morte (môrt) Fr. *adj.* stone cold dead.
nous (nöo) or (nu?) Fr. *pron. pl.* we.
pa-too'tie (pa-töo'tée) *n. Colloq.* A very small potato.
pe-tite (per-tëet') Fr. *adj. fem.* little.
pheaugh (fëyâwgh) *excl.* & *interj.* Same as Blechhh.
pi-no-chle (pëe-no'klé) *n.* An agavelike tropical bromeliaceous plant (*Ananas sativus*), with rigid, spiny-margined leaves, the fruit consisting of succulent fleshy inflorescence.
Qu'est ce que c'est? (kess-kuh-say) Fr. abbreviated way of saying what?
Riverderci (rëe-ver-dër-chee) It. *Sal.* goom byes.
shnit-zel (shnït-zél) *n.* [Teut.] One who absconds with or snitches.
temps (temms) Fr. *n. pl.* times (once upon a time).
Tout (tôôt) Fr. *pron.* everyone.
très (träys) Fr. *adj.* very.
vous (voo) Fr. *pron. pl.* you, plural, as in "Hinky-Dinky parlay voo."

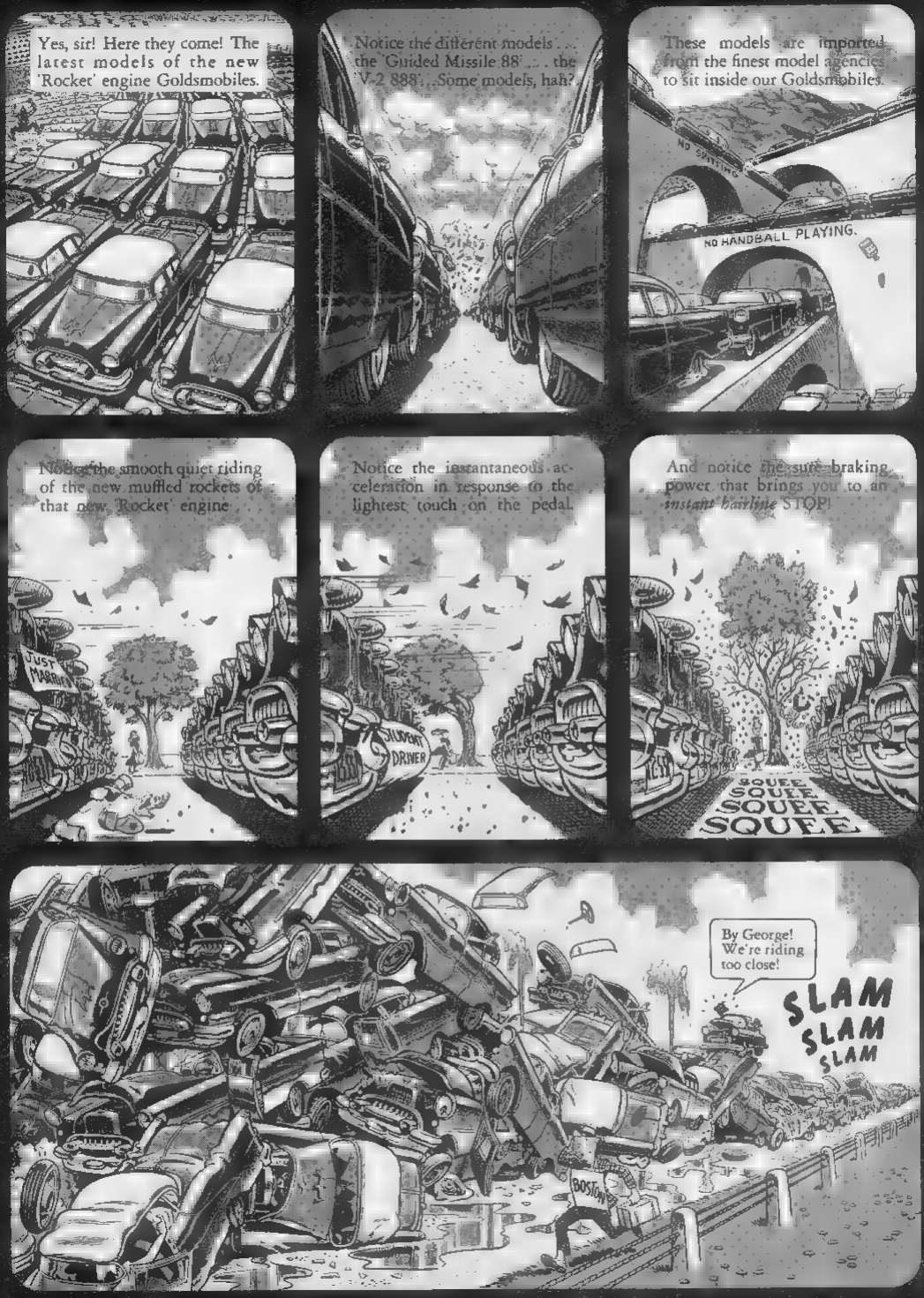
MAD AWARDS...

Have you been noticing what's going on nowadays? Have you been noticing how all kinds of awards for entertainment are being given out by magazines and like that? We of MAD emphatically believe that this is a wonderful and noble idea because it stimulates interest in the arts . . . produces a desire for more creative perfection . . . is in the great tradition of fair-play and private incentive . . . and mainly it's good publicity for us.

Knowing a good thing when we see it, we of MAD fling ourselves onto the bandwagon and into the rat-race to give out awards. "Aha," you might say, "everything has *been* awarded and there is nothing left to award to!" "Hoohah," we say, "not so!" As a matter of fact . . . the hugest area in the field of entertainment has been totally ignored.

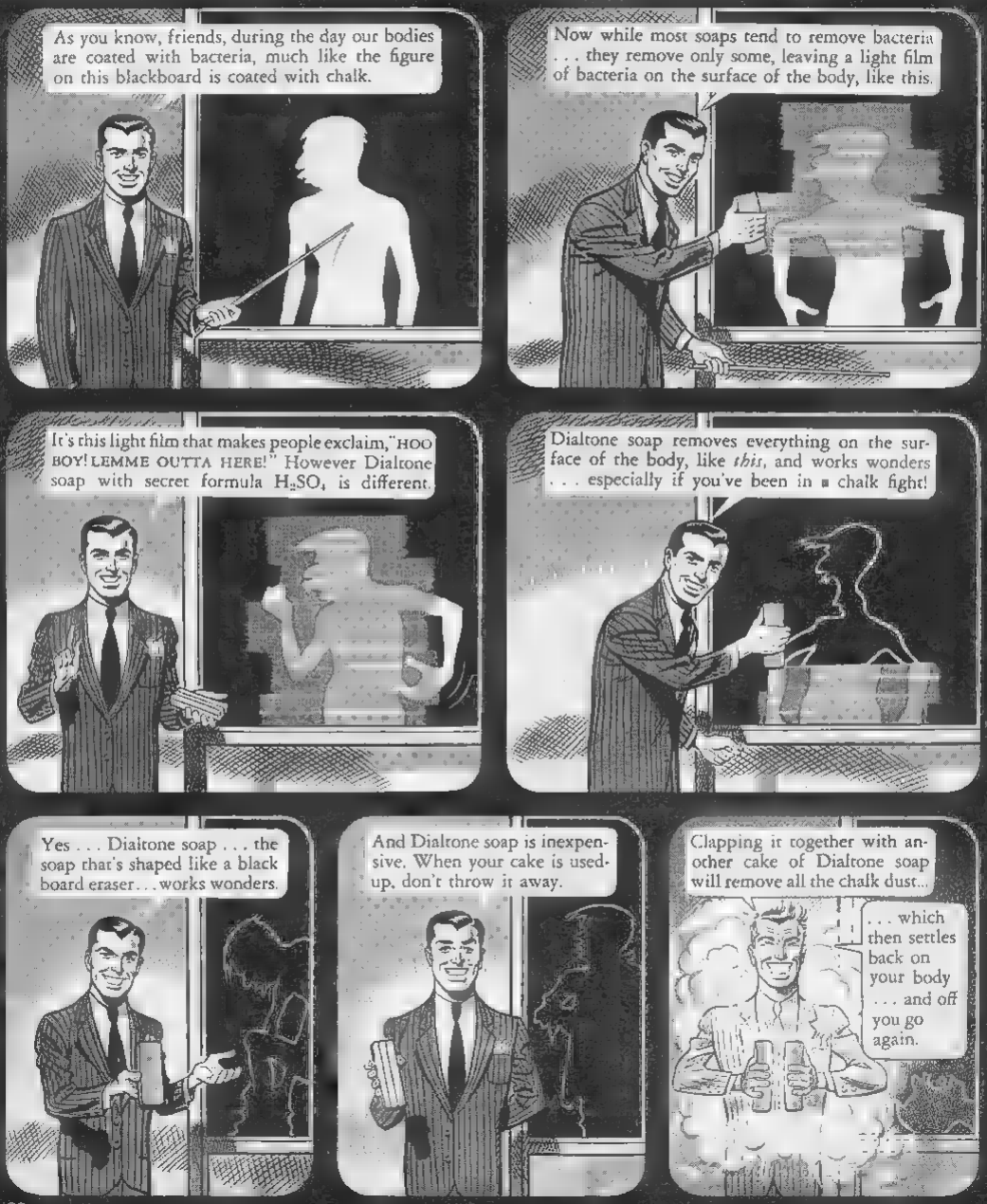
As we all know, television is now taking up more of our time than any other entertainment medium . . . right? And as we all know, television consists partly of commercials . . . right? And as we all know, television consists *mostly* of commercials...right? Draw your own conclusion...which is, obviously, that what we mainly do for entertainment is watch television commercials...right?

And so MAD herewith exclusively awards our "Alfred E. Neuman" statuettes to the five best television commercials of the year. And on the following five pages are portions of these commercials, the first of which is that crazy Goldsmobile commercial where you see this army of cars going by like a flood and it goes something like this . . .


Yes, sir! Here they come! The latest models of the new 'Rocket' engine Goldsmobiles.
Notice the different models . . . the 'Guided Missile 88' . . . the 'V-2 888'. . . Some models, hah?
These models are imported from the finest model agencies to sit inside our Goldsmobiles.
NO SITTING
NO HANDBALL PLAYING.
Notice the smooth quiet riding of the new muffled rockets of that new 'Rocket' engine . . .
JUST MARRIED
Notice the instantaneous acceleration in response to the lightest touch on the pedal.
SUPPORT DRIVER
And notice the sure braking power that brings you to an *instant hairline* STOP!
SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE
By George! We're riding too close!
SLAM SLAM SLAM
BOSTON

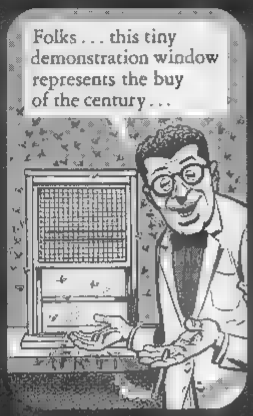
MAD awards

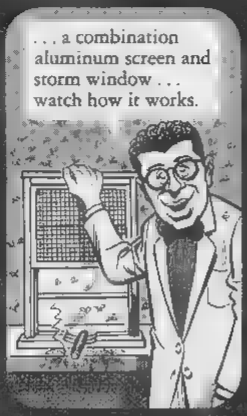
The Dialtone Soap Commercial, a new approach towards one of humanity's most vital problems that must be solved if our civilization is to successfully endure, the problem of body odor. And here is how this commercial goes . . .

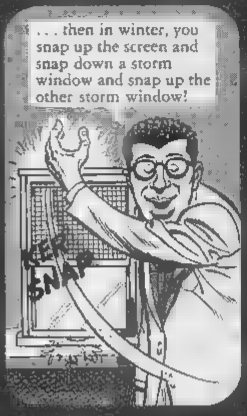


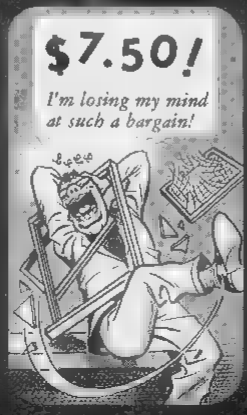
MAD awards

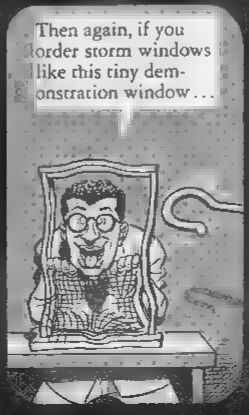
The Storm Window Commercial. We sure hope you've had storms in your neighborhood. Otherwise they won't never, on your local T.V. station, have shown this fascinating storm window ad. which goes like this . . .





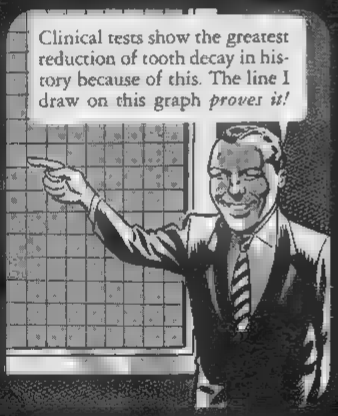


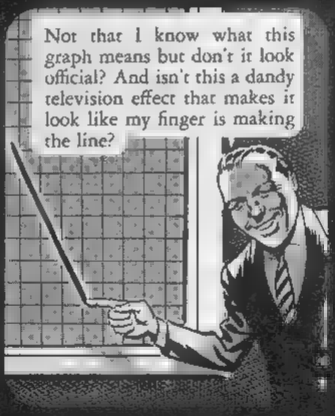


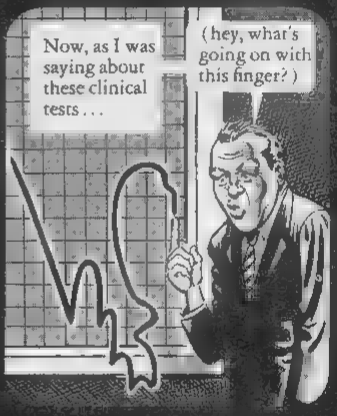


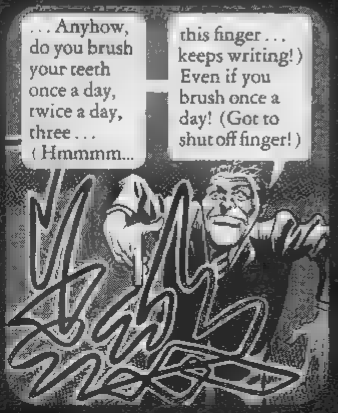
MAD awards

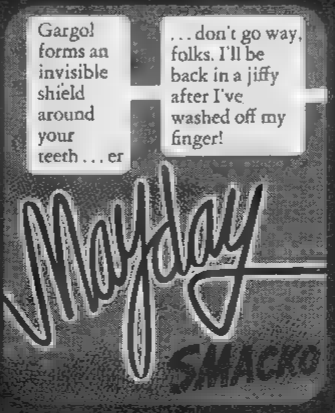
The Colgrate Dental Cream Commercial. By George, you're in for a treat if you haven't seen the commercial advertising Colgrate Dental Cream with secret formula, Gargol, that *stops breath instantly*, and here's the way it goes . . .

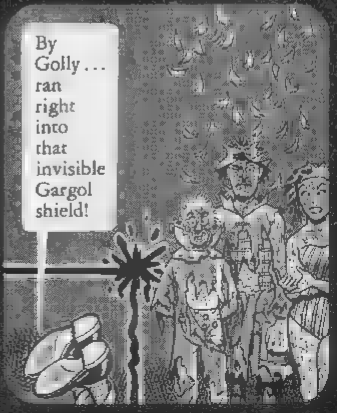






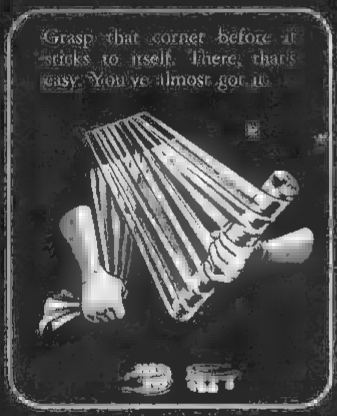






MAD awards

The Sarong Wrap Commercial; about that crazy cellophane with a secret formula (Gargol?) that magnetizes it to EVERYTHING! The way it goes you see hands of this girl, hidden by black velvet. Meanwhile a voice says:



END

Tues., Aug. 23, 1955 ★★★

Hollywood Spotlites:

Tender Love Story Theme of "Banzai!"

American Boy And Nippon Girl Portrayed In Shooting Script.

By LULU U. PARSNIPS

HOLLYWOOD, August 23.—AFTER THE SUCCESS OF PICTURES LIKE "Soya Narrows" and "Madame Buttercup," which have both featured a Japan setting and been fantastic at the boxoffice, it was only to be expected that there would be others to follow. So it is not surprising to hear that Hal Metcalf and Mel Haney the independent producers have put their thinking caps on and come up with another film using a Japanese theme for Methane Productions called "Banzai!" Mel Haney is one of my favorite independent producers and he called me on the telephone to tell me all about it and to give me a rough gist of what the story is about. It is about an American boy from some Western state like Omaha who runs away from home and goes to sea as a seaman in the boiler room of a battleship where he meets a geisha girl in Japan. Of course they fall in love but about this time a war breaks out and his battleship is shot down — she marries a rich Japanese importer. Later when they meet she learns he is still alive but she knows the marriage would never have panned out as he steams off for home, so she goes down to the dock and calls out to him "Banzai!" in Japanese which means "goodbye." It is a very sad picture and Hal tells me they are putting everything into it and hope to start the cameras grind-

MEL HANEY
"What, me worry?"

Walter Wimple

In New York

Via air coach to Las Vegas for the gala opening of Fenton Garble's Casa Barble Lubritorium... On board the giant stratoliner: Greta Grabble swathed in a stunning raccoon-skin stole from ex-hubby Thorstein Veblen. Chums say she and her current mate are on the fritz... He's the former Morton Gobble of amTV's "Gabble with Gobble" show... Now playing two-a-niters at Coral Gobles...Cora Gabble...Gibble...Grixxx.

Ain't it a Shame the way the highbrow Bway showscribes keep beating the drum for Walt Shakespeare and those other old hacks and turn thumbs down on new shows like frixample "Slip Ahoy!" the see-worthy gags-and-dolls show starring Marilon Mole that is turning away thousands nitely at the 47th St. Theayter???

Julius LaBonza signed for singing lead in "War and Peace." Lapaloozical will be based on famed tome by Lee Tolstein, with additional gags by scripters Hy Graften and Seymour Soslik. Pahdoosah Jules Mink has a show that could be a jackpot Success!!! ... Look for Grand Central Station to change hands at any minute for a price of $2,341,050 or $16,998 ... or possibly $741,082 ... anyway, it's for sale ... I theenk ... The next Miss Potgold may be a Mr. ... (Crrranzeeec!) ... Moviexecs aren't talking about Marlon Branflake's latest caper. Marlon's mum too ... What *happened*, anyway??? ... Answer to the red menace: Prince Phomibar Phumadiddle winging in from Bangkok to front his own dance band, the Old Coolies, on the Old Mold ciggie show ... Mao Tse Tung sick with envy ... Xubirant Catgut in town for a plattering. His latest waffle is the smasheroo "How're Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm (After They've Seen Paree!) Mambo?"... C.D.: Meet me at Blindy's in thirty minutes ... The Herman Melvilles in H'wood to sign a seven year pact with Hornerbros ... Nice going, Hoiman!

Scene in Gotham: "Slip Ahoydens" Marilon Mole and Zhz-Zhz Stemm (Don't try to pronounce it if you've still got your own teeth!) in Sordy's for a mid-snact malted ... The hacks on 42nd St. hustling to beat a light ... Enzio Pincer grinding his new barrel organ in front of Le Versailles ... Crowds storming the boxoffice for tix to "Slip Ahoy!"

National Poison Ivy Week to open Aug. 21 at Las Vegas with yrs. truly emceeing... Be generous, 'cause they need lottsa scratch. (Sorrrecece!) ... Vuona Murphy baggy-eyed from dating her latest flame. He's Beppo Zuchinni (The Human Cannon Ball) of the Flying Zuchinnis. They meet nightly

NEWSPAPER DEPT.

Perhaps you, like most people have one favorite newspaper that you buy to the exclusion of all others. If that is the case, you are through no fault of your own, passing by important columns in other newspapers that are vital to read. Since many of you would no doubt *like* to read these columns but find it impractical to buy all the different local news-

ing it out in September.

* * *

THIS HAS BEEN ONE of the busiest seasons I can remember in screenland. I really had to laugh at the story Marlon Branflake told me on the telephone. He is on loan from Methane Productions to Monotonous Studios where they are working like beavers to finish up "Under the Big Tent" and "The Calvin Coolidge Story!" One of these is a circus picture and somehow the typists in the script department got the two stories all mixed up. He tells me he has never felt better in his life.

* * *

LAURIE LOCKJAW TELEPHONED me last night from Las Vegas to say that her divorce from Pauncho Vista the Mexican oil Baron has just been finalized so she is free to marry Bruce Beltbuster on Friday as I predicted. Laurie has been just sick about her former marriage all week long but now she says she is happier than ever because her love for Bruce is the real thing. Congratulations, Laurie, and thanks for the exclusive.

* * *

YVONNE CHABLIS is French although you would never guess it from her name. Last night she gave a party and invited oodles of her old friends who are prominent celebrities in Hollywood. Beetsy Tangfoot, Pogey Button, Yyvves Weevil, Police Chief Moriarity, who by the way is chief of police, Rozz Razzle and movie director Walter Wingbolt were just a few of the famous celebrities I saw there. The rest of the famous celebrities were Ronald Firkin, Thelma Torrid, Van Hefty, Lauretta Follicle and a man named Falconer who writes books. Beetsy Tangfoot planed in from Las Vegas to say hello and planed right out again to have a farewell supper with Bruce Beltbuster before she divorces him tomorrow. The two are still the best of friends and Beetsy tells me she will marry movie director Walter Wingbolt at the same time Bruce marries Laurie Lockjaw in a double wedding at the Hollywood bowl. Only close friends of the two couples are being invited to the simple ceremony.

* * *

THIS YEAR HAS really been a year of tremendous achievement for Lauretta Follicle both in her career and her emotional life. Her secret marriage to Prince Buppa Rama was a terrible mistake which she should never have tried to conceal from me. She has since told me that her tragic error in not getting my advice nearly wrecked her film career and did much to throw a smirch on the sanctity of our Hollywood marriages.

As I told Lauretta, it is only when people of filmdom marry *outsiders* that trouble begins.

Outsiders, no matter how wealthy, simply do not have the same ideals toward marriage as actors and directors whose whole life is devoted to the creation of Beauty and Romance. Lauretta understands this now and has told me simply everything about

Continued on page 39.

OLDTIMERS RECOGNIZE THIS

PONG

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AFTER

for a split second among the rafters at Madison Sq. Garden ... Sassiety bud Carmellita Hassenpfeffer and playboy Karl Marx are tiddle-dee-boom ... C.D.: Better make that 45 minutes at Blindy's ... Charwomen at the 47th St. Theayter (45th & Bway) turned up half an hour early to catch the last act of "Slip Ahoy" where they had a whale of a time with with the naughti-cal revusical that is wowing the town to sell-out crowds nitely!!!

Rallies from our Pallies: Buncha our town's high-brow drama crix selling pencils in front of the 47th St. Theaytre when one of the big Bway pahdoosahs came out of Blindy's and spotted them. "Sir," whined one of the innaleck-chulls. "Won't you please buy a pencil?" ... "You guys!" quipped the impressario. "First you're panning shows and now you're panning handles!" ... Overheard in a revolving door: First cutie. "Ain't love crazy, first he beats her up and now they're on the honeymoon." Cutie No. 2: "Yeah, it was love at first smite!"

Pals of Consuela Rinderpest say her latest love is cooling off ... She shot him dead in her apartment coupla nights ago ... Show Biz is Like That: Grafton Foltz plowed more than $450,000 into "The Good-Humored Man" only to see it turn out a floppsicle. Not one customer showed up in the first five week's run ... In the last minute flurry he forgot to print any tickets!!! ... C.D.: Did I say Blindy's? I meant the Stalk ... Carmellita Hassenpfeffer and Karl (Playboy) Marx secretly stapeled ... Hottest Scandal in Town: What TVidol was thrown out of which Bway nitespot for threatening who how, hey? Remember, you read it in this colyum!!!

The Big Time: Julius LaBonza's bouncy waffle of "Rock and Roll of Ages!" an old favorite with some new kicks.. Broadway hackies crashing the lights at 43rd. Musta been late patrons to "Slip Ahoy!" ... Phomibar Phumadiddle (The Siamese Potent-tate) packing 'em in at Le Cuspidor ... C.D.: See you at the Twenty-Four in 15 minutes (order me the waffles) ... Maureen Moribund, the Irish Thrush hit-parading her first waffle ... Inez Thrush, the Spanish Waffle ... Correction, Inez *Waffle* ... Spanish Inez, the waffle thrush ... C.D.: Can you make that a London Broil?

Posies to the Karl (Playboy) Marxes (she's the former Carmellita "Sassiety Bud" Hassenpfeffer) ... It's a baby ... Wonder what they'll call the little toff-spring??? ... Greta Grabble Las Vegationing again. ■ splitigation is $uccessful, she'll ditch spouse Morton Gobble to re-wed ex-spouse Thorstein Veblen. Wedding will be her fifth, his eighth, their second ... The Big Apple rocked last night as thirty-eight cabs piled up at Bway and 44th in giant hacksplosion ... Chums say the light was red. (Tch, Tch!) ... Sad Noose Dept.: "Slip Ahoy!" will be ship-awreck as of tonight's pufformance. Water-logged smellerdrama will make way for "Present Legs!", the sockaroo Army songfeast starring Marilon Mole which opens at the 47th St. Theaytre tomorrow nite ... C.D.: I waited an hour at Sordy's, where were you?

papers every day, we have collected for your convenience, a handful of column features plucked at random from various newspapers around town. For it is in the "column" that the pulse of the world can be felt ... that the significance of international events can be readily grasped. And it is the "column," our mainbrace of communication ... our well-spring of information ... indeed our jugular vein of knowledge that we so eagerly turn to ... like forinstance these columns we present here ... a Hollywood column, a Broadway column, a Lovelorn column, a Doctor column, and a Horoscope column, all gathered conveniently in a four page capsule by that intrepid reporter BERNARD SHIR CLIFF.—ed.

Spouse Blows Bubble Gum

By FLORENCE FIXIT

DEAR MISS FIXIT: My husband and I have been very happy together for twenty-two years although he has been out of work since 1935.

He just lays around the house but I can understand that as he tells me there is a depression on and it don't pay to go out looking for a job. What worries me though is our marriage that it used to be like beautiful music is maybe fizzling out. I am still young at heart and want Romance, Miss Fixit, and tenderness but all he does is lay around the house and when I [redacted] near him he waits till I get up real close like to kiss him and then he snaps his bubble gum right in my face. Does this mean our marriage is on the skids?

—Florabelle K.

ANSWER: Psychologists tell us that when [redacted] man blows his bubble gum into his wife's face the honeymoon is definitely over. But perhaps this slight cooling of his affection which you describe may be partially your fault. After all, marriage is a partnership as I have often said and if your partnership is to remain emotionally solvent you must work at it with love and kindness. How long has it been since you made a point of demonstrating love and kindness for your spouse? Have you brought him his pipe and slippers? Have you smoothed his careworn brow? *Bring* him his pipe and slippers. *Do* smoothe his careworn brow. Try to remember always that we show our affection best in the little things of life when we practice loving kindness. If that doesn't work belt him one in the chops.

Write MISS FIXIT for free leaflet BG-19 "How to Remove Bubble Gum from Hair and Upholstery." To obtain free

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Continued from page 39

him she was leaving immediately in her speedboat for Honolulu and she said he said it was a good idea.

PLAIN
OK TITLE?

Both Rozz and Thelma are my favorite person. Shooting has been

Continued on page 39

Doctor's Advice

By Homer Crippen, M.D., L.L.D., D.D.T.

WHISTLING IN THE EARS

A. B. writes: About a year ago I injured my head falling out of an upstairs window. Since then I have been bothered by a loud whistling in my ears, like a locomotive. What is causing this?

ANSWER

A locomotive. This can be very serious. My advice to you is—*Watch out!*

FACE MOTTLED

Z. R. writes: Lately looking in the mirror I've noticed the skin on my face is turning green and has [redacted] mottled look. Also my thoughts are becoming congested. What gives?

ANSWER

Obviously your head is turning into cheese. This is what comes of thinking too much. Try to stay in a cool, dry place.

LOATHESOME

G. G. writes: I am a faithful reader of your column. Would you please say something about *pustuli vasiculorum* or some other really loathesome disease.

ANSWER

No. Not here. But I know some medical tomes you might get a bang out of!

You and Your Stars

By Estrallita.

"What now if the sky were to fall?"
Terrence

ARIES (March 21 to April 19). The conjunction of the Moon will be especially beneficient for your dealings with other people. Think big, act big. Talk it up.

TAURUS (April 30 to May 20). You are friendly, helpful, well-meaning and cooperative. How come you're not getting ahead faster? Turn over a new leaf starting today. Greet the world with a snarl.

GEMINI (May 21 [redacted] June 21). Let's face it, this may not be the best of days for you Gemini. Try to get anything important done in the morning. *Vita brevis*, as they used to say in Rome.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21). You think Gemini got troubles! Oy, what a day *you* got coming! Such [redacted] day you wouldn't wish on your worst enemy! Stay right in bed. Don't even answer the phone!

LOEWS (Fri.-Sat.-Sun.) You will thrill as HE fights Chief Crazy Pig *barehanded* ... You will gasp as SHE dares the burning fort to rescue him, *bareheaded* ... You will fall down screaming as THEY (60,000 Savage Sioux) stampede right off the screen at you, *barefooted!* Don't miss 19th Century Fawks great Western Epic BENT ARROW! Doors open at 10:21 a.m.

VIRGO (Aug. 22 to Sept. 23). This is your day to think about affairs of the heart. You are just at the age when

copy, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Fixit, % this Newspaper, together with $1.00 to cover cost of postage and handling.

AN IMPORTANT

Continued from page 37

her emotional feelings toward Van Hefty. "He's the only one," she told me exclusively. "We are deeply in love and he is the only man who there will ever be on my emotional horizon because this time I know it is love forever and the real thing."

Filmland can be proud of the happy couple as they plane out to Las Vegas on Saturday where Van will complete divorce proceedings from Roz Razzle, his estranged wife.

EXPECTS BABY

POTSHOTS IN HOLLYWOOD, Snapped at random:

Lola Pastafazool' is one of my favorite Italian actresses, although you would never guess it from her name. Last night she and Walter Wingbolt, the movie director, were seated at a table for two at the Brown Hat.

Roland Huge, the millionaire producer, just planed in [redacted] a plane from Calcutta last night and couldn't wait to telephone me all about his hair raising experiences on location. Exciting.

* * *

Dirk Armstrong, who is one of my favorite people, is up and about again after last week's terrible automobile accident in his own driveway. He and Roz Razzle were giving a party and somehow he thought he was at Roz's place and got in his car to drive home. Instead, he drove right into the swimming pool. He is still wearing a cast on his head and I have never seen him looking better.

Thelma Torrid and Rozz Razzle planed out to Death Valley for the weekend but Rozz couldn't stay as she had to leave. When she got back to Hollywood she telephoned Walter Wingbolt, the movie director, to tell

Continued on page 38

LINT IN NAVEL

Mrs. V. writes: Since early spring I have noticed an excessive amount of lint in my navel. It does not give me any trouble but lately I've discovered it's the source of a peculiar squeaking noise. Is this rare?

ANSWER

Very. What you have there may be the dread Lint Sickness, in which case you have my sympathy. On the other hand, it may just be a bird's nest. Write me again in about four weeks.

BUGS

R. B. writes: My friend says that in ordinary cases of botulism the bacillus is an obligate anaërobe which can live only in inanimate matter which is kept under strict anaërobic conditions. Can you explain this?

ANSWER

Why don't you ask your friend? He seems to know all the answers! When I went to medical school we didn't use words like "obligate" and "anaërobic." We didn't have time to waste learning high-sounding smart aleck names for every new disease that came along. If a man was sick we knew that what was the matter with him was caused by "bugs" and I've got by with that for forty years with no help from any bright young medical students who think just because they can throw a lot of big words around that they can run a doctor column better than me. If he's so smart why doesn't your "friend" have his own column? Get him to answer that one, why don't you?

HEALTH HINT: Night air is very dangerous in the spread of many diseases. Always make sure that the windows are tightly sealed before retiring to prevent the breathing of noxious effluvium . . . Tomorrow I will discuss the case of Mrs. Y. V. who writes: "My husband keeps telling me there are flames coming out of my ears."

(Distributed by Ghastly Features Syndicate, Inc.)

considered

RARELY

the old ticker begins to act up. You could go like *that* you know. Avoid stairs.

LIBRA (Sept. [redacted] to Oct. 22). Financial matters are in the ascendant for all good little Libra. Run right down to the Stock Market and plunge on utilities. Heavy buying can make you rich. Or it could wipe you out. Easy come, easy go—eh, Libra?

SCORPIO (9-5, five days a week). Your job seems monotonous, distasteful, unending, but that's because you're not thinking positively. Begin today with a smile and a cheery word. Then your work will seem monotonous, distasteful and unending—*but in a positive way!*

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 21). This is your day to take out the garbage. Be sure to line the pail with old newspapers. Be neat and cheerful in all things. From a cheerful home comes cheerful garbage.

CAPRICORN (Sunrise to Sunset). Do not try to economize where health and happiness are concerned. Estrallita has been very patient with Capricorn but she is tired of waiting. Unless certain conditions are fulfilled by Sunset, tomorrow will be a very bad day for Capricorn.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19). At 3:51 a.m. Aquarius entered the House of Gemini (The Twins). Today is a good day for entering houses. Be bold and Success will crown your daring.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to about March 15). Wowee! You lucky Pisces! Today is the day you're going to win everything! Fame, Success, Love, and $1,000,000 from [redacted] rich old relative you didn't even know! All you've wanted, all you've worked and slaved for will be yours today. Only trouble is, according to our chart the world will come to an end at twelve noon tomorrow! *How* about that!

* * *

FOR YOUR COPY of Estrallita's Individual Personalized Forecast, prepared especially for you, send 50c for Booklet M-5 to Estrallita, % Old Gypsy Long-Shot Astrologer, Inc., Rockingfeller Plaza, N.Y.C.

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Continued from page 38

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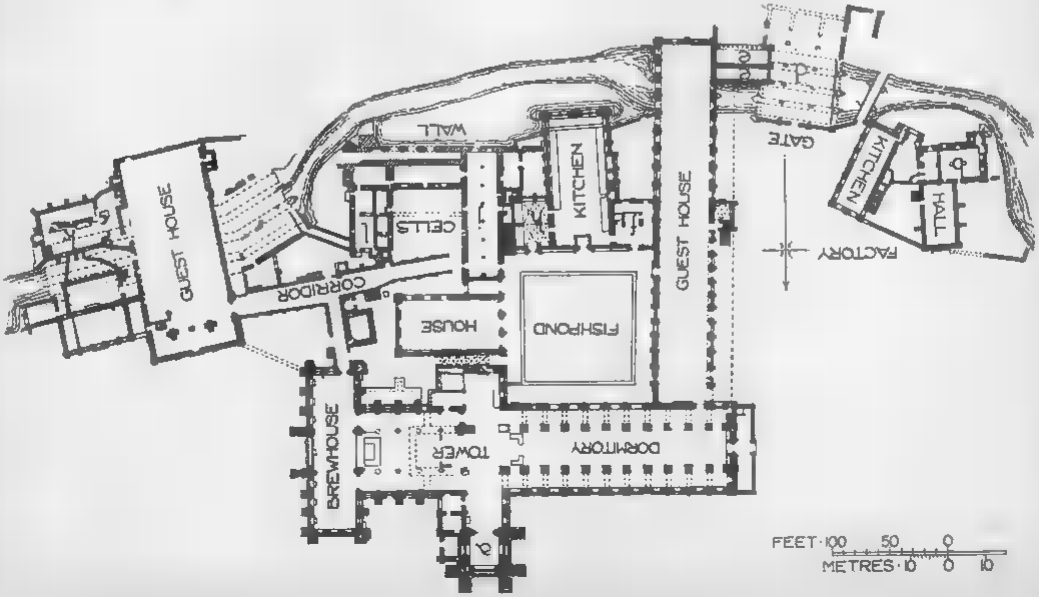
held up for three days on the "Calvin Coolidge Story!" because one of the gorillas is expecting a baby.

That's all from Hollywood. See you on Monday. END

HERE ■ PARTIAL VIEW OF BLANDING COUNTERSUNK'S BEAUTIFUL HOME OVERLOOKING THEIR MAGNIFICENT VISTA OF SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS . . .

They built their dream-



THE STRUCTURE IN THE FOREGROUND BEING THE GUEST-HOUSE WHICH ACTUALLY HIDES FROM VIEW THE LARGER MAIN PART OF THE STRUCTURE.

house SINGLEHANDED

Are you the type person who sits around all day reading home maker magazines? All day long you sit around reading how fancy your house should be, how you should have scientifically arranged kitchens with built-in steel ovens, with laundry centers, with picture windows, with bent wire chairs, and everything should be neat and modern? So while you sit around reading about this all day, your own house is one big SLOP! Naturally, you feel the big reason you don't have those aforementioned things is money. Well... what we have to say might come as a shock but our answer to you feeling that to have a nice house you need money... our answer to you is:

You know... you're right!

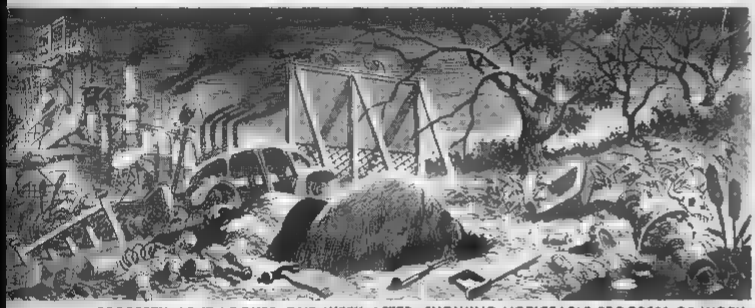
However, take the example of Babs and Blanding Countersunk. In spite of the modest income Blanding made with his ice cream wagon, the Countersunks, tired of cramped city living, decided to build their own house. After much calculation, they decided that by careful budgeting they could just make it. As a matter of fact, what with the savings on labor, etc., they could probably come out ahead. As a matter of fact, they would probably *make* money on the whole deal. As a matter of fact, they stood to make a fortune.

In any case, the following article on how the Blanding Countersunks built their dream house on a modest budget, singlehandedly and by the sweat of their brows, will perhaps inspire you to do the same thing. Then again, perhaps it will inspire you to let well enough alone and be content right where you are.

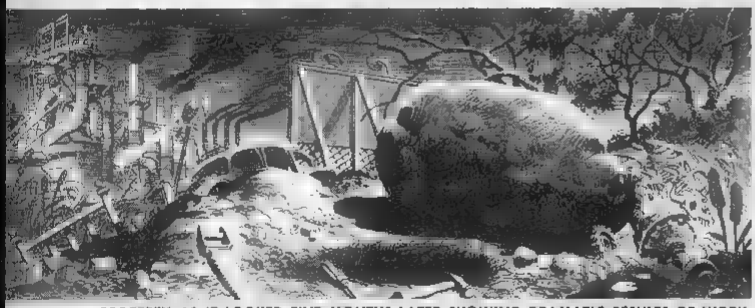
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Eight steps to the Counter-

PROPERTY AS IT LOOKED BEFORE THE BLANDING COUNTERSUNKS STARTED WORK ON IT.

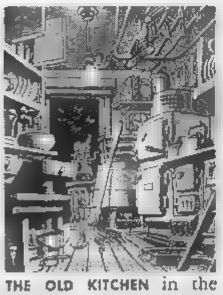


PROPERTY AS IT LOOKED ONE WEEK AFTER, SHOWING NOTICEABLE PROGRESS OF WORK



PROPERTY AS IT LOOKED FIVE MONTHS LATER SHOWING DRAMATIC RESULTS OF WORK.

SELECTING MATERIAL WITHIN BUDGET, MAINLY BY SWIPING FROM HOUSING PROJECT.



THE OLD KITCHEN in the Countersunk apartment was badly designed, crowded, difficult to work in.

Tired of the wet smack of the garbage bags in the back lot of their city apartment house, the Countersunks finally made the decision that the only way to get the kind of house they wanted was to build it. And so, scraping their savings together, they bought, at a very nominal sum, a piece of land for their very own in a nearby swamp.

The next problem facing them was time. How, as well as working on his regular job, to find the time to work on the house. Since Blanding put in a lot of overtime on his job, especially on weekends and holidays, he couldn't work on the house *then*. Evenings were out of the question because it would interfere with watching television.

Second, it took so long to get out to the land that by the time he got there, it would be time to go to sleep.

The solution to the problem was quite simple.

He stopped sleeping.

By avoiding wasteful, time-consuming sleeping, Blanding Countersunk managed to squeeze in a whole extra week of work on the house every week.

Work was started on the foundation without delay and the building went according to schedule. An important fact to note was the Countersunks worked singlehanded to the farthest possible degree. This was their greatest saving, since your biggest cost in building a house is your labor cost, union labor being what it is. Remember that next time you see this 'scab' Countersunk peddling his ice cream.

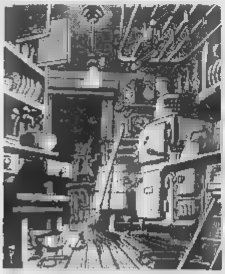
sunk's Dreamhouse...

TO BUILD HOUSE, BLANDING MASTERS SUCH SPECIALIZED SKILLS AS BRICKLAYING.

AS FURTHER ECONOMY MEASURE, BLANDING INSTALLS ELECTRIC WIRING BY HIMSELF.

PICTURE WINDOW THEY ALWAYS WANTED: GLASS WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR.

COMPLETED DREAM HOUSE. IT ISN'T A VANDERBILT MANSION, BUT IT'S ALL THEIRS.



THE NEW KITCHEN will have to do this way till Babs and Blanding can afford modern kitchen equipment.

In spite of the fact that the Countersunks tried to avoid hiring labor and unfortunately for the budget, on occasions expert help was consulted. For there are certain things like well digging, bulldozing, blasting, etc., that the layman cannot properly do without calling in an expert. Like forinstance when they had to call in the doctor.

Rotten luck for the budget when Blanding fell off the roof and they had to call in the doctor.

The interior of the house was where the dreams of Babs and Blanding Countersunk really came true. Babs was finally able to have a kitchen with all the fixtures placed exactly where she wanted them... all the utilities exactly where she wanted them... the wood closet and the water pump exactly where she wanted them. By George, you can't beat them slick indoor water pumps that come *right up inside the kitchen* next where you wash the dishes.

And so Babs and Blanding Countersunk's house was completed... built from the foundations to the roof tree *entirely* in spare time. In twelve solid years of spare time.

And now their hand-built little dream house is really complete and humming with occupants... four families the Countersunks rent it out to at a tidy little profit.

And what of the Countersunks?

They live in a spiffy contractor-built ranch house shown on the first page which Blanding won in an American Legion raffle.

END

EDUCATION DEPT.

The following piece was sent to us along with grammatical corrections by a MR. DOODLES WEAVER which we print with all due reverence to the author.—ed.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives, that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ENGLISH 2B

A. LINCOLN

STUDENT UNION BLDG.

C-

Not bad Abe. You're improving. Commercially, some of your ideas might make good material for Folk Songs — Professor Feetbottom

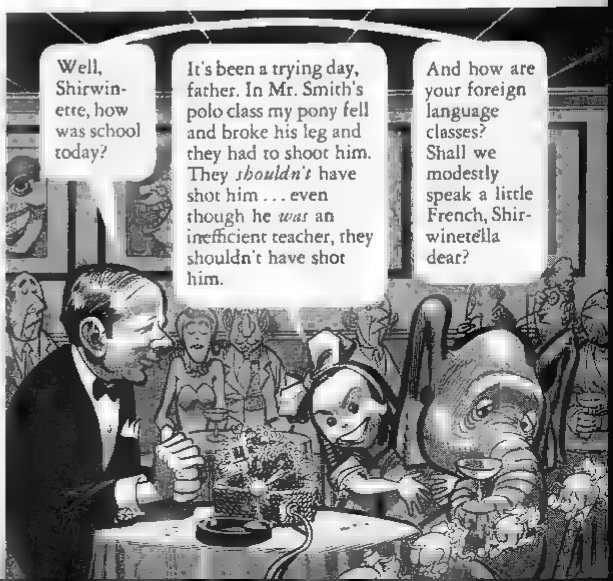
Have you seen the television show from that famous night club where the celebrities crowd together to rub eyeballs...

the STARK CLUB

And now we want to tell you about a television show that we believe fills a very important function . . . The Stark Club show, which is broadcast right out of New York's elegant Stark Club. Just think . . . there you are in your dingy living-room with the peeling wall paper and the wash hanging around you. And although an unfastened spring sticks you through the sofa and although a bit of falling plaster hits you on the head, you forget all that as you watch The Stark Club show. (which can be difficult if you don't have a television set) As you watch the glamorous goings on of the swank Stark Club's refined, discriminating, high-type customers, you forget the wretched existence of your miserable, clod-ish, low-type self. We believe that watching this show will in time become one of our basic ways of life much like the Ramar of the Jungle show. In any case . . . for those of you who haven't had the opportunity to catch The Stark Club, the following is approximately the way it goes.

As the program opens, we find our host, Stark Club owner Sherwin Billingscheck seated in the intimate Cubscout room with his daughter, Sherwinette . . . billed modestly as The Star Of The Stark Club Show . . . who as usual, fondles in her arms a baby pet animal (tonight an imported white elephant).

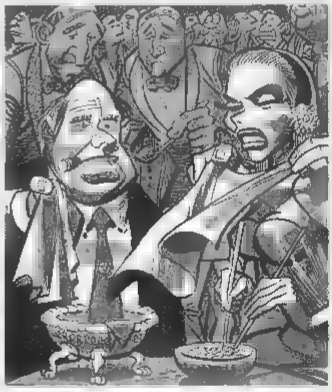
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



And so we switch from Mr. Billingscheck to the Sherwinette Suite . . . ah . . . there is Mr. Fludney Bent, steel magnate

. . . next, the Bedney Flunts, pitchblende heirs. They are having (do not fear) Flaming Crêpes Suzette Flambé . . .

. . . and at the next table, the billionaire Fledney Bunts...Salk Vaccine manufacturers, having Poulet Val D'Auge.

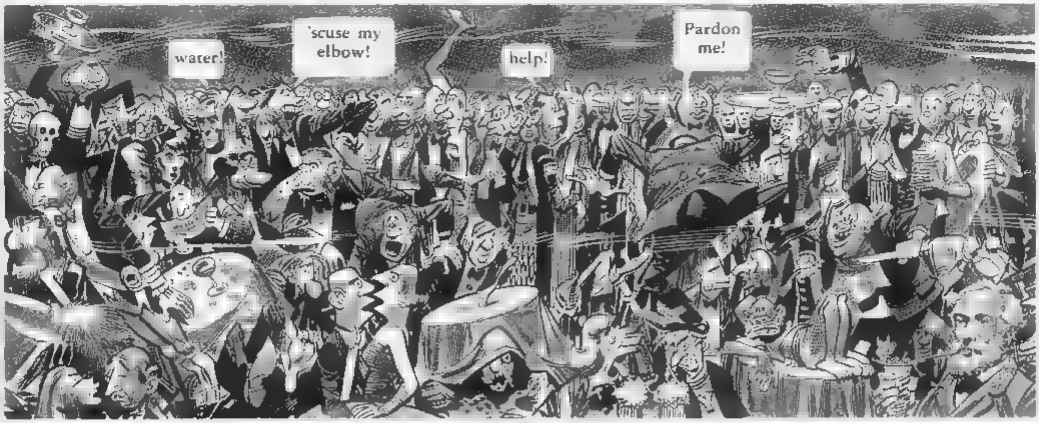


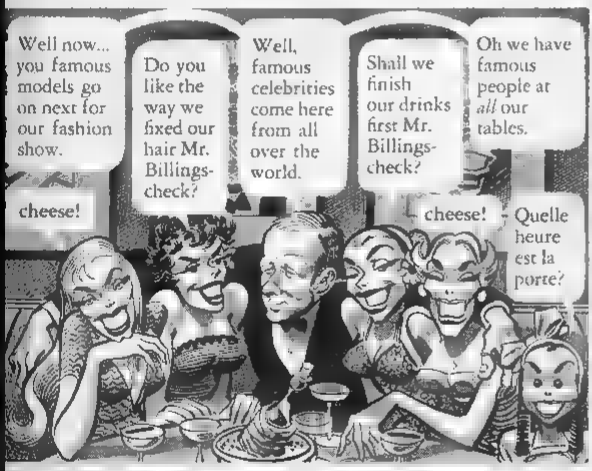
. . . and at the next table, Myron Cowznofski, track-repair flagman enjoying a box lunch with two hero sandwiches.

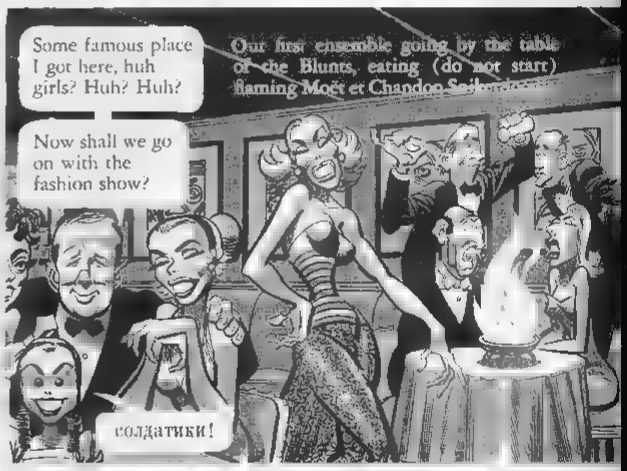
. . . at the next table the Budney Flents enjoying (fear not) flaming potage Parmentie— . . . . . .

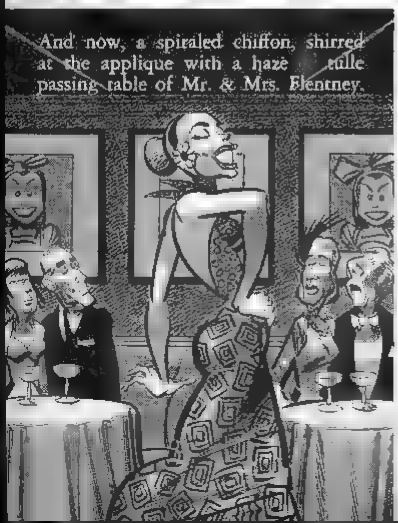
. . . MYRON COWZNOFSKI?!!! . . .

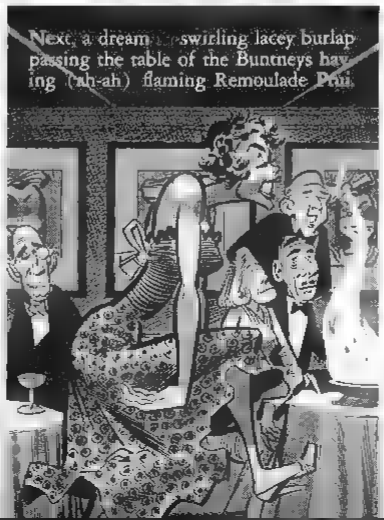
And so our camera jerks swiftly away to range o'er the dance floor of the Sherwinette Suite where the Stark Club orchestra breaks into a lively Mazurka for the delight of the dancers but mainly for covering up kicking out of Myron Cowznofski. And now we leave the grunting throng and return to Mr. Sherwin Billingscheck in the exclusive Cubscout Room.

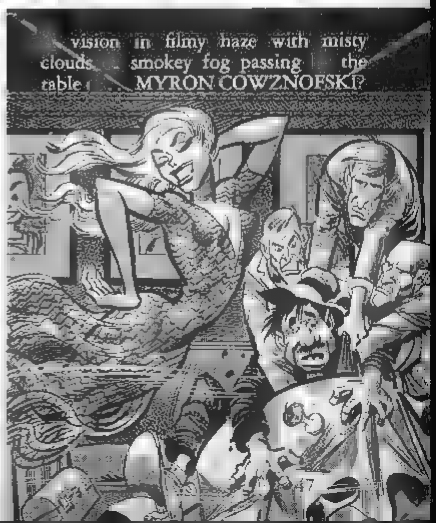




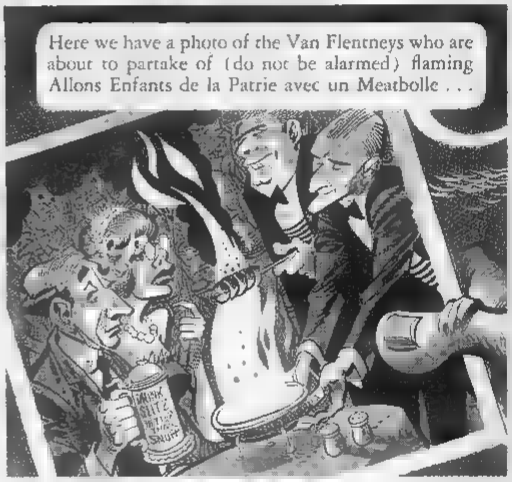


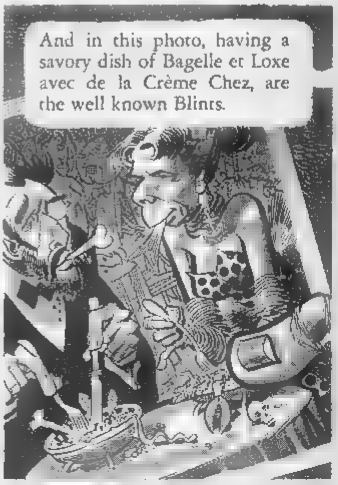






And while the waiters slowly pry his fingers loose, we switch again to the Sherwinette Suite, where the dance floor is more jammed than ever with a famous people. Ah! there goes Miss Gledney Dent in a stunning slippery silk dress ejected straight up the air like a bar of soap. That's enough of the Sherwinette Suite, so back to Mr. Sherwin Billingscheck.





And so, it's time to leave the Stark Club and take one last look at the gutted Sherwinette Suite where the dancers are so squashed, they are quite unaware that anything unusual has happened. Our last glimpse is Sir Flentney Blent sitting at a table . . . the Gentney Woonts sitting at another and...NGOGNGOGNGOGN...MYRON COWZNOFSKI!

ROGER PRICE

advice to young men on how to get into the army

Profusely illustrated by the Author

We have invited Mr. Price to write another helpful article of advice . . . indeed we have invited him to write a feature since we were so satisfied with his first piece in MAD 24 . . . satisfied mainly since we don't pay money. Mr. Price accepts as remuneration, our old doodles which he turns into Droodles.—ed.

In this space I'm going to attempt to solve certain of the problems that face Society (and you). And as Mad is read by many Young Men of army age, I should like to take up, in this second issue, the problem of how these Young Men can be sure their application for membership in the armed forces will be accepted.

Some people may tell you that it really isn't difficult to get into the Army. These people are Wrong Thinkers and probably unregistered foreign agents or members of the C——t Party. It *is* difficult. I know from personal experience.

The **NEW, IMPROVED** Army is becoming more exclusive every year which is understandable when you consider the many advantages it offers. Let's pause a moment and consider them.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE new, improved ARMY.

(1) First, of course, the Army offers every Young Man the chance to defend his country, preserve our American Ideals and gobble up plenty free food at the Taxpayer's Expense.
(2) The Army offers you a chance to learn a trade. You will receive expert instruction in such highly technical skills as the Operation of the Flame Thrower, How to Detect Land Mines, How to Bury Snipers and When to Bet Against the Dice. This information will be invaluable to you when your period of service expires. Especially if you re-enlist.
(3) The Army offers you companionship. No more eating supper all alone. No more lonely bathing. Or toothbrushing. Or anything.
(4) The Army relieves you of worry. You will find many non-commissioned officers who will be happy to assume your responsibilities. The most helpful of these will be Sergeants. You will find five basic types of Helpful Sergeants in the Army. Illustrated in Fig. 1. are these five types for future reference.

So much for Advantages. Now for the Problems. Of course there is no "sure way" you can *guarantee* yourself against rejection, but if you prepare yourself beforehand (by reading this excellent article) you'll increase your chances 400%.

Some unthinking Young Men, before appearing at the Induction Center, complain about obscure backaches, stick ice picks in their ears, jump from bureaus and flatten their feet, or take pills that increase their pulse, and in so doing these Young Men unwittingly render themselves ineligible for service. Avoid these pitfalls.

SOME PRACTICAL TIPS.

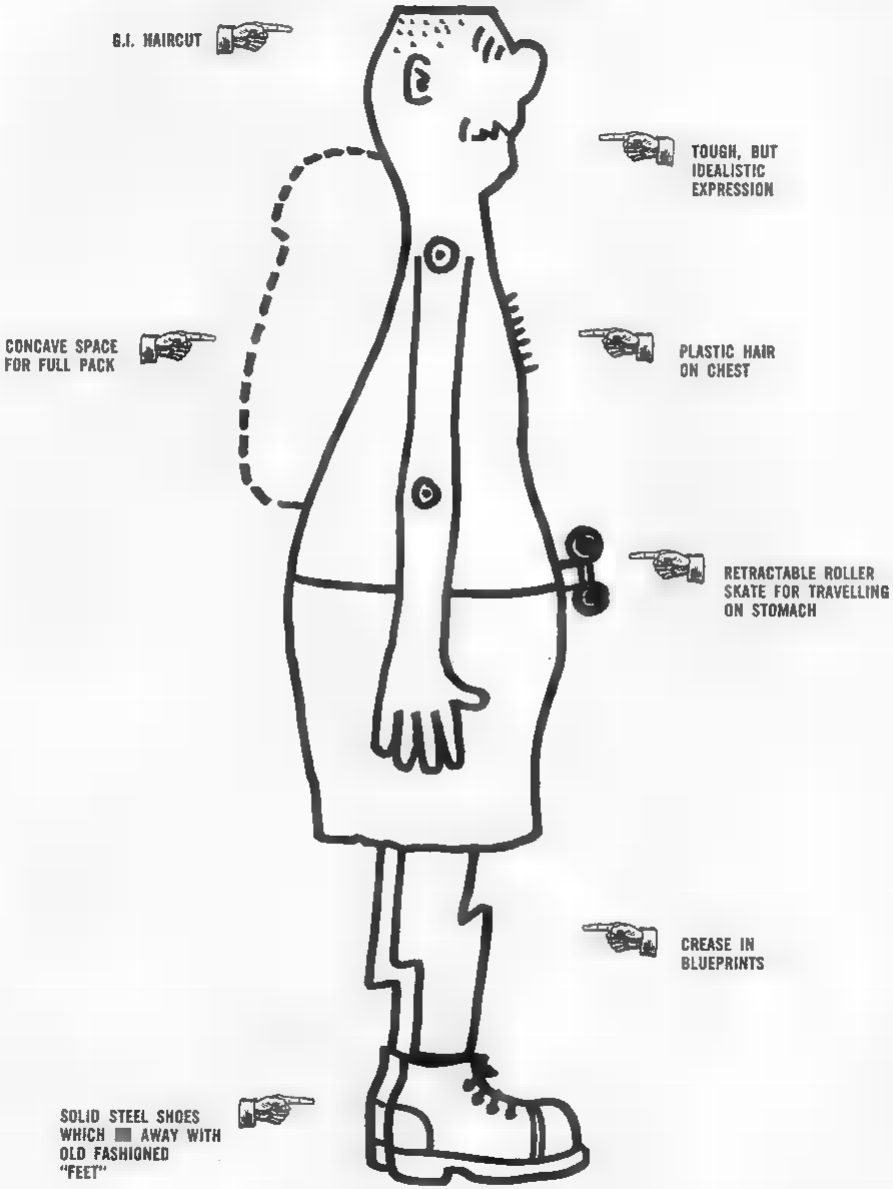
Upon arrival at the Induction Center you will have to fill out a Qualification Card which has space for information regarding your name, age, weight, Parent's name, Educational Background, Job Experience, Bathing experience, Condition of Gall bladder, Attitude toward Binomial Theorem, Opinion regarding Piper Laurie and many other classifications too indecent for me to mention here.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Fig 1. (*Types of Helpful Sergeants*)

Friendly Sgt. Understanding Sgt. Warm hearted Sgt. Motherly Sgt. Fun loving Sgt.

FIG. 2. MAN BUILT BY ARMY



Drawing of Experimental Model D/774, air cooled, food operated. Including a heavy-duty base and universal joints in "arms" to facilitate rapid saluting and/or cigarette butt retrieving.

Answer these questions honestly and simply. Do not attempt to lighten up the proceedings by inserting humorous answers. The "flunkeys" in charge will only make personal and sarcastic remarks. (Lots of people would be better off if they had more sense of humor).

THE "PHYSICAL".

The Army attaches an undue importance to physical fitness in keeping with their slogan, "The Army Builds Men" (See Fig. 2. for excellent drawing of one) *

Then taking the "Physical" I found the so-called Medical Examiners antagonistic. *You* may find them friendly. But I doubt it.

Before taking off all your clothes in preparation for the Examination you will, of course, be required to take the Oath. The Oath is: *"I am not now and never have been!"*

(NOTE: If you *are* now or ever have been, try some other branch of the service, such as the WAVES).

After disrobing, your clothes and personal belongings will be taken from you and hidden and you will have to stand around for several hours in a room with three or four hundred other naked men. In my own case an exception was made and I was permitted to wear my underwear. Actually I was *ordered* to wear my underwear by an officious Medical Officer, a Capt. Carl Gassoway,** who claimed that the laughing and snickering among the other men was bad for discipline.

Eventually you will be asked to line up and will be subjected to a general examination. The only tip I can give you about this is to assume a Military Bearing, head up, shoulders back and breathe as much as possible.

HOW TO PASS THE REFLEX TEST.

This is an important test and you will find yourself better able to pass it if you eat a light breakfast and stay away from girls for several hours before taking it.

Don't try to speed up your reflexes by using any sort of stimulant. One Young Man of my acquaintance, Chester W. Ellik had lethargic reflexes and before reporting for the test he ate 45 benzedrine tablets. When the Doctor tapped him on the knee with his little hammer Chester kicked a Colonel's hat off. And the Colonel was standing over 15 feet away. He was rejected. (however he was offered immediate employment by the American Ballet Theatre).

HOW TO PASS THE BLOOD TEST.

Bleed.

HOW TO PASS THE EYE TEST.

Cheat.

GENERAL ATTITUDE.

During the processing period your deportment and general "attitude" will be under constant surveliance by the Acceptance Board and they will try to weed out the Young Men who in their opinion (which is none too good) will not make proper soldiers. Do not let them trick you. Make up your mind to look like a soldier, think like a soldier and act like a soldier.

As everyone who has read any novels about the Army knows, the most distinguishing thing about a soldier is the fact that he talks dirty. Be prepared. Spice up your conversation with appropriate profanity such as "Geronimo," "Poo" and "Criminentlies". After you get used to these rather mild epithets you can practice some of the stronger obscenities such as E——h y——ing, m-k, Z——ite and Take a N——er.

Get a G.I. Haircut (see Fig. 2). If you don't know a barber who has had Army Training or a strong stomach you can give yourself an acceptable G.I. Haircut at home simply by leaning too far over the sink and turning on the Garbage Disposal Unit.

Also show that you are familiar with Army slang expressions and use them whenever possible during your Interviews. Below is a partial list of these Army expressions.

SLANG TERM	DEFINITION
Dough boy	Private
Applesauce	Expression of disbelief.
Horse-feathers	same
Gook	Non-commissioned officer
Shiek	Soldier who wraps puttees neatly.
Brown nose	Compliment pertaining to field soldier with excellent sunburn.
Boche	the enemy
Spad	type of aircraft
La trine	bomb shelter (French)
Chow	large dog with black tongue
Lounge Lizard	Shiek who specializes in romancing girls.
Mess	blind date
Eight-ball	Lieutenant
Blithe spirit, bird thou never wert	Skylark
Pineapple	Bomb
Jolly tars	Sailors
Fifty-four forty or fight	Rallying cry.

APTITUDE TEST.

Do not worry about the aptitude test. It's as easy as falling off a log. As a matter of fact, that's the test. If you manage to fall off the log it shows you have aptitude.

If you *can't* fall off the log, you fall into a special category and will be sent to Officer's Candidate's School.

CONCLUSION.

That's about as much advice as I can give you in the inexcusably small amount of space allotted to me in this magazine. However it should be enough to get you safely into Basic Training. After that you're on your own!

END

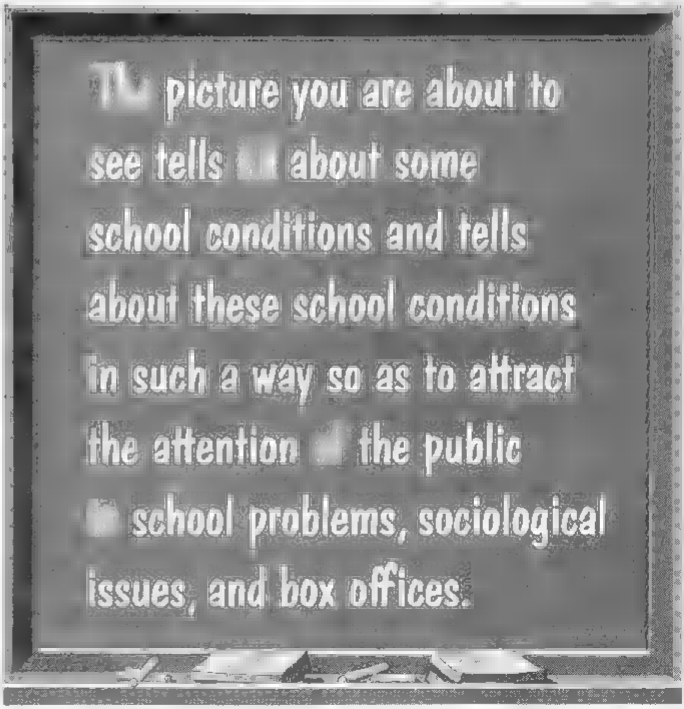
*The Army does not build Women. Do not write in comments or complaints about this.

**This man should not be allowed in the Service. I suspect he is a member of the C——e Party.

MOVIE DEPT.

And now, MAD reviews a picture which is an important documentary portrayal of events in a category of school life.

THE BLACKBOARD JUMBLE



The above is how the moving picture, The Blackboard Jumble, opens. This picture is an intense, searching presentation of school life in a certain type high school, showing the many situations found in this type of school life, in class rooms, and in the school-yard. On the following pages are pictured some scenes from this type school life and what school life is like in the Blackboard Jumble so here's how school life in the Blackboard Jumble goes...

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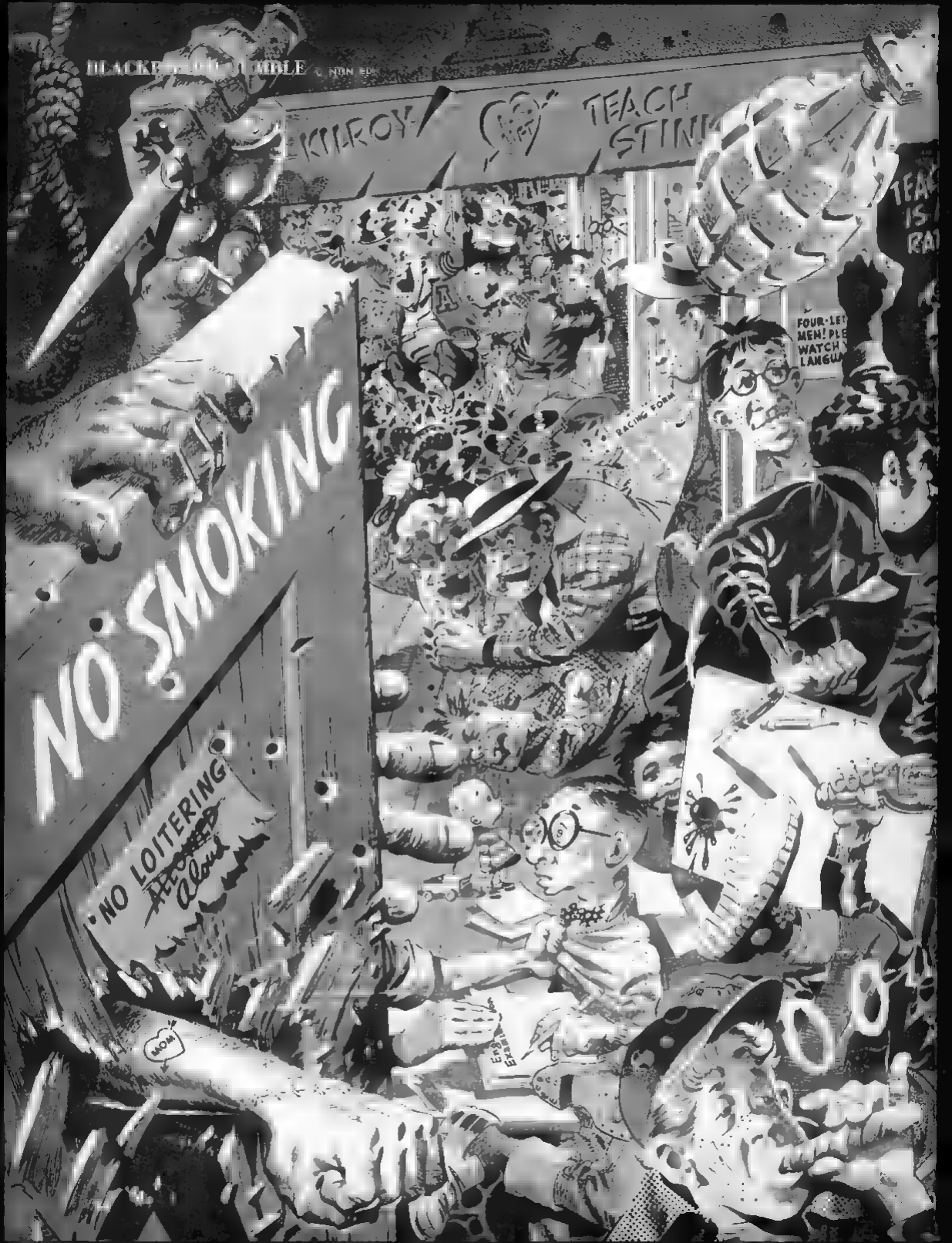
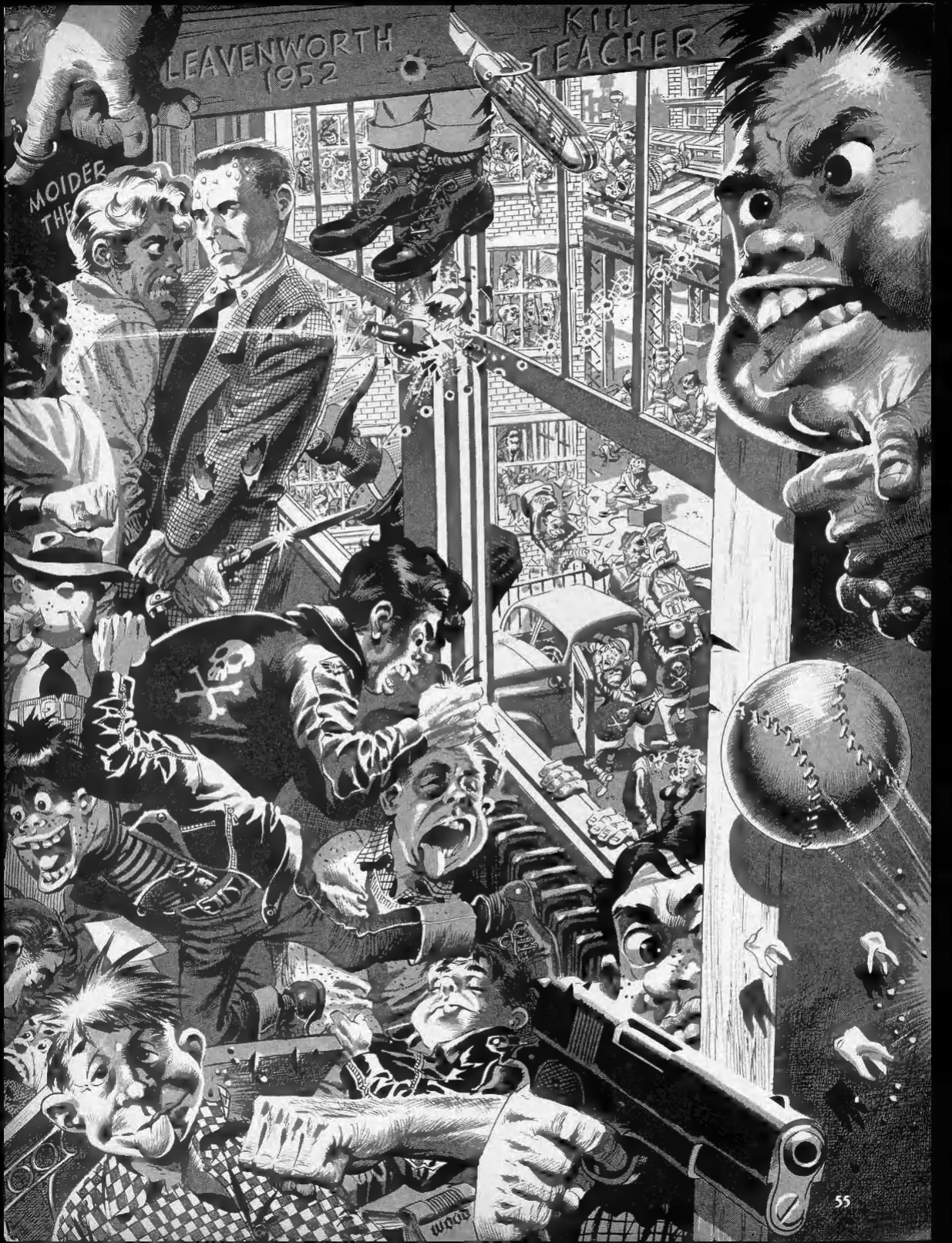

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE
KILROY
TEACH
STINK
NO SMOKING
NO LOITERING
ALOUD
FOUR-LET
MEN! PLE
WATCH
LANGUA
RACING FORM
MOM


LEAVENWORTH
1952
KILL
TEACHER
MOIDER
THE
BOOM

AHA WE'VE CAUGHT YOUR EYE EH, YOU BEADY EYED RASCAL!

if you want to
BANISH BODY AROMA PROBLEMS AND LIKE THAT
—Try "NDDDS" tablets containing Gargol®—one of the most potent essences of Chlorophyll

In spite of the fact that people's interest in Chlorophyll is fast being replaced by Davy Crockett, we maintain that "NDDDS" Tablets, containing Gargol (The essence of Chlorophyll) acts internally—Unlike deodorant sprays, mouthwashes, creams, etc., which just disguise external symptoms. "NDDDS" essentially turns you into a walking "airwick," deodorizing you and any room you happen to walk into. Some beady eyed rascals may think the picture here of girl trying to hide nddd is merely to catch your attention which is wrong idea. Picture here shows how "NDDDS" true Chlorophyll action works just like Chlorophyll in plants and nature. Yes—picture on this ad shows green girl (unfortunately, ad isn't in color).

Buy a box of NDDDS at your drug counter today. And when you try your first NDDDS tablet, you will know that this is only the beginning of the NDDDS.

THE SAFE SURE WAY TO BECOMING A PLANT
"NDDDS"
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS WITH Gargol
NDDDS

Elder

"Wowee, Gang—I Wish I'd Written *Both* These New Mad Books!"
—Charles Dickens

Yes, Charles Dickens of Mazzeppa, Long Island, is just one of thousands who have written in to say they wish they'd written The MAD Reader and MAD Strikes Back!

Now YOU can join the fun! It's easy! Here's how: —run right out to your neighborhood news stand and bring home a copy of The MAD Reader (only 35c). Look it over. Study the pages for the secret clues. Then run right back out to the news stand and buy a copy of MAD Strikes Back! (35c only). Now run right back home again—*fast!* Put the two books side by side and *watch closely*. You will see that they are *two different books!* If they are *three* different books, lie down for a half hour and then try again. On the other hand, if they are two copies of the *same* book it means you haven't been paying attention. We'll go through it one more time, slowly.

1. Run out and buy The MAD Reader (35c).
2. Run out *again* and buy MAD Strikes Back! (Another 35c).

Got it? O.K.—*start running!*

(NOTE: Many fun-loving MAD readers have run out to their local newsdealers and then got lost trying to run back home again. If lost, run to nearest mailbox and send 80c to the publishers, BALLANTINE BOOKS, 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. They will send you both The MAD Reader and MAD Strikes Back! Of course you will still be lost, but now it will be fun!)

BLACKBOARD JUMBLE CONTINUED

And that's how school life goes in the Blackboard Jumble. And although this picture dramatizes the evils of certain metropolitan public schools, we take issue with one of the basic conditions the picture deals with.

The implication in Blackboard Jumble, that the teachers are not being paid enough, does not set well with us at all. So what if teachers get paid miserable salaries and have overcrowded classes. So what if they have thankless jobs getting pushed around by delinquent students in run-down, dingy schools.

Look at soldiers.

Soldiers sometimes have much worse conditions than teachers . . . especially during a war. And they don't work for *half* of what teachers get. As a matter of fact, the soldiers point the way to solving the whole problem. For instance . . . to boost the teacher's morale . . . rather than giving them a pay raise, issue decorations . . . hash marks, combat ribbons, wound stripes, and like that.

The answer for encouraging qualified people to go into the teaching profession is also, by the same token, elementary.

Draft.

Drafting people into the teaching profession will insure a steady flow of sound teacher material and will create a goodly reserve of replacements to fill the gaps left by casualties.

Finally, it practically goes without saying that the very simple answer to the problem of controlling large classes of difficult students is this.

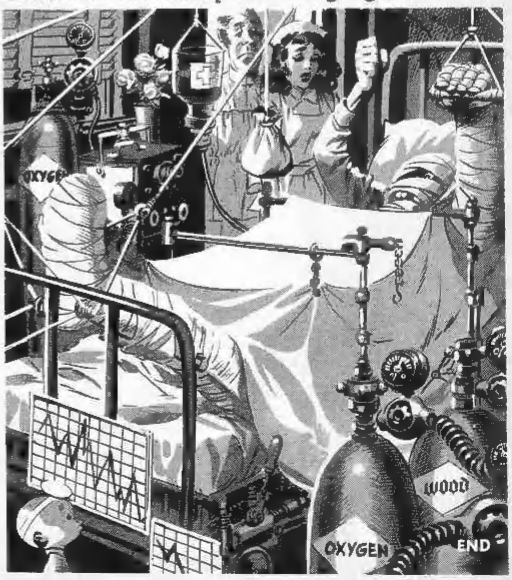
Arm the teachers.

There's nothing speaks sterner language than the business end of a '45 automatic . . .

In any case, this picture contains an essential message concerning a sociological enigma created by the economic peculiarities of our culture . . . so naturally, we steer clear of it since it sounds like a dog.

But there's plenty va-va-voom action to carry you over the "message" parts, so by all means go and see Blackboard Jumble.

Picture ends as hero vows that annoyance students have caused him will not stop him from going back to teach.



Your voice of wiseness says **SMOKE KENNT**

Your voice of pleasure says **SMOKE MORE KENNT**

Our voice of business says **SMOKE PLENTY PLENTY KENNT**

King size or Regular
. . . both cost you the same

With the first carton of KENNTS you smoke you will know these two things:

1. You will gain assurance from the protection of KENNT'S Microproton filter which isn't just the cotton or paper or cellulose all other filter cigarettes rely on. No sir! KENNT'S Microproton filter is a solid brass plug.

2. You will enjoy KENNT'S light, mild flavor that stays *clean and fresh tasting*. Yes sir . . . while you kenn't other cigarettes, you ken *eat* KENNT. You can also serve KENNT with **Ipuna** toothpaste for party hors d'oeuvres.

When asked what you smoke . . . say "KENNT"!

. . . or maybe say "Only ken KENNT"!

Only **KENNT** ken give you the complete protection of the solid brass plug Microproton filter.

A PICTURE HISTORY OF OL' CRAW

Ulysses S. Grant greets Robert E. Lee.

The famous generals genially agree that surrender terms should include a case of Ol' Craw.

DAVY CROCKETT TELLS JIM BOWIE.

☆ He tells how swigging Ol' Craw helps him grin down bears, patch up the crack in the Liberty Bell and be King o' the Wild Frontier. ☆

JAMES CRAW'S FIRST DISTILLERY

Enjoy the whiskey of famous men

OL' CRAW

and you too will become famous!

The greatest name in bourbon—historic favorite of Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, Capt. John Smith, Powhatan, Pocahontas, Christopher Columbus, Marco Polo, Attila the Hun and other celebrated figures of the American past.

TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF

Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey

By George, we'll give you all the proof you want.

BOTTLED IN BOND

Bond City, Kentucky

JAMES CRAW SHOOTS HIS FIRST REVENOOR

POCAHONTAS INTERCEDES FOR JOHN SMITH.

Pocahontas tells her father Powhatan that Capt. John Smith did not remember to take his Ol' Craw. Who is covering up?

Alfred E. Neuman writes a letter.

Recommending to friends Ol' Smuggler and Ol' Grandad. No wonder he's not famous like the others.

THE OL' CRAW DISTILLERY, DOGPATCH.